Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1774.

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THE BYSTANDER DECEMBER 15, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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The Bystander

John Everard

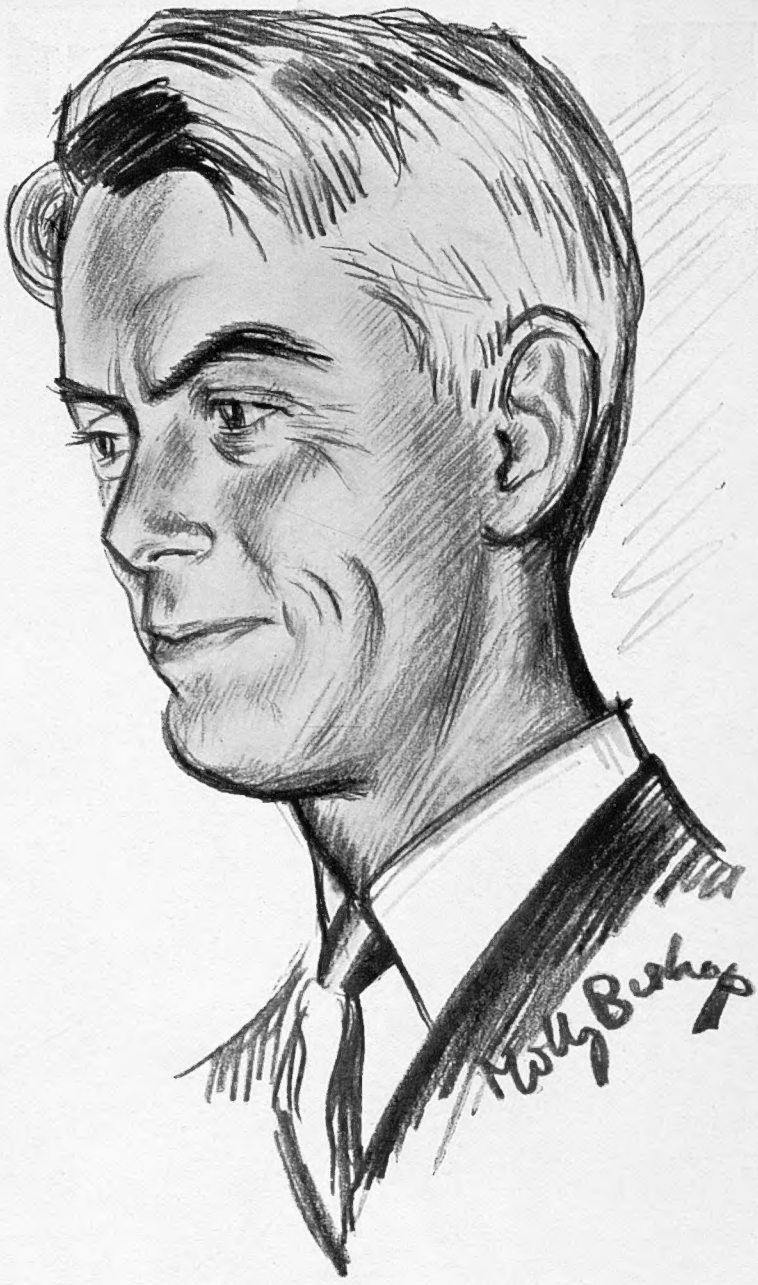
Beatrix Lehmann as Eugene O'Neill's Electra

In a theatrical autumn richer in good plays and fine acting than all the previous twelve months put together, one play and one piece of acting are outstanding, tremendous, an experience no theatre-goer could miss without bitter regret. The play is Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, at the Westminster; the acting is Beatrix Lehmann's as Vinny Mannon, the Electra of Mr. O'Neill's tragic, doomed family. Her magnificent performance is upheld by fine acting from the rest of the cast, and by Michael McOwan's production. *Mourning Becomes Electra* will be at the Westminster for at least another month

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 50

W. S. Morrison



THIS week let us consider the case of William Shepherd Morrison, Minister of Agriculture. The opportunity has seldom been granted to a back-bencher of becoming Financial Secretary to the Treasury and then a Cabinet Minister in a very few calendar months. And yet, two or three weeks after his appointment, and at a dinner given by the Caledonian Society—haggis piped in and all that kind of thing—Mr. Morrison got up and announced as the theme of his speech the fine old Scottish quality of perseverance. With all the grim concentration of Scotsmen, his audience listened admiringly to his story. Actually, of course, it was the swiftest promotion in history, but W. Shepherd Morrison is a good, old-fashioned Scottish spell-binder, with the enormous advantage of having risen from the ranks. (Under our oligarchical system this is three-star stuff.) Besides, the longer he lives in the South the more Scottish becomes his voice. You would need a sharper knife to cut Sandy Herd's accent than you would for W. S. Morrison's. He is, too, a grand mixer. The Party likes him. He is completely good-humoured, unassuming, relentless. No wonder, then, that in the war of the Neville Chamberlain succession he is favourite, despite the presumed promotion of Sir Thomas Inskip and the claims of Oliver Stanley and Anthony Eden.

Mr. Morrison would probably make a very good Prime Minister. His brain is ticking all the time. On one occasion, they tell me, he attacked a very prominent Member of the House. After the debate the two men met and—unusual in the House of Commons—the Personage accused Mr. Morrison of insolence. The latter drew himself up to his full height. His grey, spiky hair bristled, and he delivered himself as follows: "When I was a student at Edinburgh University I used to live in a quarter of the town where many cats sang at night, and it was my habit to gain sleep by throwing boots at them one after the other. And when I heard a cat screech I knew the boot had hit him." One must say this for the Personage and also for Mr. Morrison, that they became friends, according to all the best Parliamentary procedure.

SON of the late John Morrison, of Torinturk, Argyle, he has all the ruthlessness of a janissary. Having twice failed to enter the House of Commons as M.P. for the Western Isles Division of Inverness-shire, he decided to give the Sassenachs the privilege of having him as their representative. Promptly Cirencester and the Tewkesbury Division of Gloucestershire raised his election expenses and has returned him consistently since 1929. It is only fair to say that if he had wished to continue at the Bar he could now be earning a five-figure income. But he decided that he was a man of destiny, and entered the House of Commons. (Which meant that as soon as he became a junior Minister he had to give up his practice.) It was during the long India debate, while he was still a private Member and the Government was doing badly, that his moment came. Winston Churchill had the Government in a half-nelson. W. S. Morrison was sent for to extricate the Party from this painful and vulnerable position. To change the metaphor, he was thrown into the battle like the Old Guard at Waterloo. He spoke—and how he spoke! By the time he had finished there was nothing left of Winston Churchill except a lisp, and nothing much left of India except a loin-cloth. In that one speech he put the curse of Scotland on anyone who was agin the Government. That was the occasion, really, when he crossed the Coldstream.

To-day he likes to recite Shakespeare, which he does with the same intonation as he recites Robert Burns. All poets are Gaelic to him, and to him, too, Hamlet wore kilts; or, if he did not, that was what was rotten with the state of Denmark. W. S. Morrison has a great gift of making anything he says sound significant. More fortunately still, he is blessed with a wife to whom money means nothing. All their life they have had fun. Why, she took up the Law just to eat dinners with him in the Inner Temple. At the moment, his headlong career has been checked, probably, by the ploughed fields of Agriculture. But not for long. Jeanne d'Arc heard voices. W. S. Morrison hears the bagpipes piping from Downing Street.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Secretary of State for War—Successful as Audacious

Youth in command and beacons at the crossings: here is the popular summing-up of Mr. Hore-Belisha's contributions to English history so far. So far is important, for when audacity is attended by success, in other words, when an action is based on knowledge, quick intelligence and clear-seeing imagination, there is a high limit to achievement. Mr. Sandys rounded off "Army Changes" questions and answers in the House of Commons by asking the Minister for War if he was aware that his new announcement of policy had been warmly welcomed by the entire country, and the House answered with "cheers." In a current musical comedy when someone says "Too old at forty," the topical reply is "Yes—for the Army Council." Musical comedy comments and "Belisha beacon" pencils are all grist to the mill of Mr. Hore-Belisha's shrewd use of publicity and propaganda—and well this dynamic innovator can afford a smile at his own jokes

A County "Do" in London—the Yorkshire Ball

Mrs. Anthony Eden and Lord Feversham were two of the leading Yorkshire personalities at the ball organised by the Society of Yorkshiremen last week in aid of the Benevolent Fund of that clannish county

A Musical Occasion in New York—the Metropolitan Season Begins

Lauritz Melchior sang Tristan for the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera season, the supreme social event of the New York autumn. After it was over, his wife gave him a kiss and Mrs. Vincent Astor held his hand and beamed congratulations

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Leader of the Opposition found himself in an awkward quandary when he had to make some kind of gesture with his arm when the National Anthem was played by a Government band during his visit to Spain. He might have saluted, but presumably that would have gone against his pacifist convictions. And in any case, a military salute in civilian clothes is always faintly comic. He might have given the Fascist salute, but that would hardly have been the thing in the circumstances. So he took the third course and gave the left-handed, clenched-fist salute which is usually associated with the Communist Party. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he would have been wiser to have stood to attention, like any ordinary ex-officer. And, of course, there are those who say that he would have been wiser still if he had not put himself in the position of being in Spain at all.

LAST week I wrote about the unfortunate position into which Lord Swinton had managed to get himself, and the highly comical story in circulation about him. An unexpected ally has, quite unintentionally, come to his rescue. It is possible that Lieut.-Com. Fletcher's attack upon the Air Minister in the House of Commons may come to be regarded in the future as a classic example of how to mishandle a good case. The gallant Commander is a witty and clever speaker, with a nice turn of phrase. But he used his gift for turning a phrase in such a way that he was rude to the Prime Minister as well as sardonic at the expense of Lord Swinton. The only possible result of these tactics was to alienate instantly all those moderate Tories and the Liberals who had sympathised with him at the beginning. By the time the Commander had finished, Lord Swinton was firmly entrenched in his position.

THE Vandal Front is as busy as ever, and, as usual, the defence is getting the worst of it. A sudden brilliant attack in the St. James's sector has resulted in the capture of Norfolk House, while further west a body of the enemy, belonging, I believe, to the National Memorial Regiment, is threatening the whole of Abingdon Street with destruction. It appears that this regiment is not concerned, as might have been expected, with the preservation of the memories of the nation's past, but only with the destruction of some of the nation's past in order to put up an open space round a statue.

THERE are strange, subterranean rumblings in the world of newspapers—the world, that is, of newspapers which sell their copies by the million and, correspondingly, have to buy their newsprint by the thousand ton. The price of this newsprint—or as we would say, paper—is going up in price. A great many people, especially journalists, are wondering vaguely why the stuff we write on should suddenly become so expensive. The answer is that the Soviet has forced the Russians to learn how to read. And once the Russians learnt how to read, the Soviet had to provide them with newspapers to read. And once the newspapers had been created, the Russian forests had to be pulped for home-consumption, and so the rest of the paper-world is suffering. Strange, but true, at least so I am told.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. G—L before the Frontispiece

MR. ROBERT BINGHAM'S resignation from the American Embassy will be regretted by the innumerable friends which this genial Kentuckian made during his term of office at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Bingham has retired owing to ill-health and his successor is to be, not a Southern newspaper magnate, but a Northern banker, Mr. Kennedy, from Massachusetts. I regret Mr. Bingham's departure, partly because he was a very courteous gentleman and partly because I, too, have an interest in the State of Kentucky, being a Kentucky Colonel and an A.D.C. on the Staff of the Governor, as I have often told you before and as I shall often, doubtless and D.V., tell you again.

ONE of the best examples of understatement which I have come across for a long time appeared this week in the *Evening News*. Discussing Weidmann, alleged to be a mass-murderer on the typical German lines, this snappy little journal compared him to Landru "who murdered several women for their money."

THERE was a strange piece of dialogue in the King's Bench Division last week between a witness and the Lord Chief Justice of England. The Lord Chief asked: "Do you mean that men have been convicted for murder who should not have been?" The witness replied: "I presume there have been cases in which sometimes an innocent man has been convicted?" The Lord Chief said, "I do not know of such a case." I would have thought that even an amateur in criminology, and the Lord Chief Justice can only be described as a professional, would have remembered the famous case when Wallace, the Liverpool insurance agent, was convicted of the alleged murder of his wife and the conviction was set aside in the Court of Appeal. After all, it was not so long ago, and it was one of the most sensational and most-publicised cases in the annals of British justice.

M. GEORGES DUHAMEL, a Paris doctor and one of the most famous of modern French writers, has attacked the

way in which French hospitals are run and has supported his attack with a great deal of spirit and a great deal of knowledge. I fancy that historians of the future will suffer a number of headaches before they authoritatively decide whether M. Duhamel is the French Cronin, or whether Dr. Cronin is the English Duhamel. It is true that Dr. Cronin has the advantage of priority, but it is equally true that Dr. Duhamel has, perhaps, as a man of letters, even greater advantages.

CERTAIN West End theatre managements have declared war on the Privileged Ticket Register, otherwise known as the Two-for-One. These managements complain that the members of the Two-for-One do not patronise the ordinary run of a play, but wait until it goes to a Two-for-One theatre, and that therefore they lose money. The other side maintain that the system has brought back to the theatre thousands of playgoers who cannot afford West End prices. The battle has only just been joined, and the issue is still in the balance.

I HAVE just been to a Regimental Dinner, or, rather, a War-Reunion, of a Territorial battalion of a Highland regiment. The recruiting area of the regiment was in Ross-shire and Sutherland, but no fewer than one hundred members of the battalion mobilised in Victoria Street, London, for the dinner. Considering that this was only one of many battalions of the Regiment, and that it is nearly twenty years since they fought their last battle, it struck me that this was an amazing display of the esprit-de-corps which came out so often in the World War. The air at dinner was full of ancient exploits and memories of desperate feats of arms.

IT is long since the old tag that something new is always coming out of Africa has been amended by all thinking persons in favour of America. The latest society which has been formed in that remarkable land is for the abolition of round bowls for goldfish. The perpetual swimming round in a circle causes not only mental cruelty to the fish, but also makes them physically lop-sided. They get dizzy and feel sick, and one fin becomes bigger than the other, and their tail is perpetually fixed at the same angle. It reminds me of the famous rabbit which used to run every Sunday round and round a hill outside Toulon, while the local sportsmen, in their Sunday best, used to flock out from the town and shoot at it. After a good many years of running round in the same direction, its two upper legs became several inches shorter than the two which were operating on the lower level.

TO the great astonishment of that large and oddly-minded section of the community which takes a passionate interest in Rugby football, the Nuffields beat the Cambridges by a handsome margin at Twickenham. It was a dull, darkish, gloomy day, and perhaps it suited the temperament of the lads who are being educated near Cowley rather than the less temperamental heroes of Cambridge. As usual, many thousands flocked out on the uncomfortable journey to see glimpses of the match through the gathering clouds. On the following day a bare handful made the easy journey to Highbury to watch the corresponding Association football match.

COUNTY cricketers and enthusiasts for county cricket are all hotted up on the suggested reforms. One of these suggestions is that the number of first-class counties should be reduced from seventeen to fifteen, and this proposal has been welcomed by everyone, on the understanding, of course, that their own particular county is not one of the two to be abolished. The principle is very much the same as the return of colonies to Germany. There are people in this country who would gladly give back a Belgian colony, and doubtless there are many Belgians who would sacrifice themselves to the extent of letting Germany have a Portuguese colony. And so it is with the first-class counties. One of the most important reforms which ought to be carried out is that the hours of play should be strictly adhered to. It is nothing short of scandal when it is announced that play will continue to 6.30 and then, after the spectator's money has been accepted, play suddenly stops at 4.30 in order that one of the teams should catch a train to play in a match elsewhere on the following day.

Viscount Downe's Sister is Married

Mr. Archibald Crawford Scott and the Hon. Ruth Dawnay were married from her mother's home, Hillington, King's Lynn. She is Lord Downe's only sister, and he is the second son of Mrs. J. H. Scott, of Eredine, Argyll

Right: the Hon. Sir Francis and Lady Lindley's youngest daughter, Mary, and Mr. William Keswick were married at St. Margaret's, Tichborne, with a reception at Lord and Lady Eldon's house. Mr. Keswick is the son of Mrs. Henry Keswick, of Cowhill Tower, Dumfries

Sir Francis Lindley's Daughter and Her Husband

Social Register

ENTERTAINING FOR POLITICS

Hostesses and Host at the Primrose League Ball

Countess Baldwin, president of the Ball, the Countess of Durham, Viscountess Castlereagh, chairman, Lady Ebbisham and Lord Ebbisham, chancellor of the League and vice-president of the Ball, were lined up on the balcony of the huge ballroom at Grosvenor House waiting to receive the guests

Baron Livonius and Lady Iris Mountbatten

Left: Baron Livonius and Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's daughter were looking at the Primrose League Ball programme over their soup

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Joseph Grimmond and Miss Laura Bonham Carter

Left: Joseph Grimmond and Laura Bonham Carter announced their engagement at the beginning of the month. He is a barrister, the only son of the late Joseph B. Grimmond; she is the younger daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, and granddaughter of Lady Oxford and Asquith

THREE CHRISTENINGS

M. and Mme. Paravicini's Son

Right: Nicolas Vincent Somerset Paravicini was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where his parents were married eighteen months ago. M. Paravicini is the son of the Swiss Minister, and Mme. Paravicini is the daughter of Mr. Somerset Maugham

FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. Keating and Miss Sotheron-Estcourt

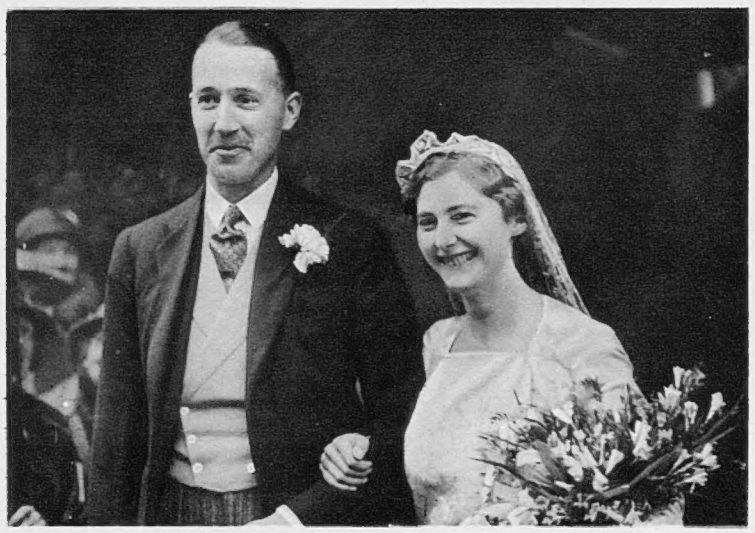
Philip Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Morris and Mrs. Rex Osborne, of Crudwell Court, Malmesbury, and Eleanor Josephine Sotheron-Estcourt, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. E. Sotheron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos., and Westons, Bembridge, I.O.W.

Mr. Wysock-Crundall and Miss Liddell

John Wysock-Crundall and Margaret Clare Liddell were married at Colchester. Miss Liddell is the daughter of Major-Gen. Clive Liddell, the new Adjutant-General to the Forces

Mr. McClure and Miss Van den Bergh

Andrew Macdonell McClure and Diana Van den Bergh were married privately at 50, Hans Crescent, S.W., the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh



Captain Streatfeild and Miss Stephenson

Captain Richard Streatfeild, Private Secretary to the Queen, and Jane Stephenson, daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson and Lady Stephenson, of Friendly Green, Cowden, Kent, were married last Thursday at Chiddingstone, Kent

Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell's Son

Arthur Patrick Maxwell, great nephew of the Prime Minister, was christened by the Bishop of Oxford at St. Margaret's, Westminster. His mother was Diane Chamberlain before her marriage in 1935, and is the only daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Maxwell is holding his small daughter

Right: Lord Jellicoe was one of the godparents to his niece Katharine-Louise Frederica Loudon when she was christened in the Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Her parents (right) are Lady Prudence and Mr. F. W. H. Loudon

Sex Appeal, Dressed in Feathers and Glamour, on Park Lane

Park Lane floor-shows, studded with beautiful girls who put over sometimes authentic, sometimes synthetic glamour, are now a tradition of metropolitan night-life. This trio claim glamour in their headline: they are three of George Hale's Glamour Girls in the new Grosvenor House show, "Park Avenue to Park Lane"

Angli and

The Restaurant Routine—Accent Here on Food and Wine—

Lord Cecil Douglas and Lady Dunn were in a party at l'Écu de France—no band, no dancing. Lady Dunn's daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, has just announced her engagement to Count John de Bendern

Miss Myra Morton, Miss Maureen Brenner, Lord Donegall and Miss Tamara Desni were ceremoniously trying a new consignment of wine which had just been flown from the Continent to Kempinski's

Socialites, Young and Very Young, Dressed as Angels for Charity, Also on Park Lane

Angeli—Angles on Night-Life

The Hon. Ela Beaumont, Lord and Lady Allendale's twelve-year-old daughter, the Hon. Karis Mond, who is ten and Lord and Lady Melchett's daughter, Lady Daphne Straight, and Lady Moore were four of the angels in Miss Olga Lynn's production of "La Damoiselle Élue" at Londonderry House, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind

The unceasing alternative to restaurant night-life is charity ball night-life, and it can, sometimes, be gay, smart and sophisticated. The Conservatives brought it off at the Primrose League Ball—where Lady Beatty and Sir Thomas Weldon exchanged those smiles

Supper Smiles for Charity

—And Here on Cabaret

Mr. Kenneth Balfour and Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth had a Café de Paris sofa-table to see the cabaret from

That penguinesque set-out on the right is the Café de Paris on the last night the Yacht Club Boys were there: so will Mayfair gather in honour of its favourites

Laughing Mayfair Mob

"Marie Walewska"—Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer

Every film company pulls out a plum for the West End Christmas pie: the rush is just beginning. Here is a fine big plum for the Empire—a new Garbo film, full of romance, tragedy, and some history, with Garbo as the beautiful Polish Countess Napoleon loved, and Charles Boyer as Bonaparte. Clarence Brown directed *Marie Walewska*, which starts its run on Friday

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

"The School for Scandal" (Queen's)

To a period purist, the foundations of this revival will, as he enters the theatre, appear to have been well and truly laid. To begin with, there are the period footlights, eloquent of the eighteenth century, and in themselves enough to make any playgoer fumble for his snuffbox. To go on with, there are the doors in front of the curtain on either side of the stage, constructed with a solidity that suggests permanence rather than a temporary makeshift. The atmosphere created is the atmosphere of Sheridan's own theatre—in other words, the only atmosphere in which *The School for Scandal* can be perfectly presented. Three hearty cheers for Motley—one for each of them.

It seems that all we need now are Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope, Mr. Yates, Mr. Palmer, and the rest of the originals.

If you begin like that, you must go on like that. To construct an Elizabethan stage for a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and then try to graft a Beerbohm Tree production on to it would obviously be flying in the face of premisses. To construct an eighteenth-century framework and then fill it with pictures in a convention undreamt of before the nineteen-thirties is equally disconcerting. But that is exactly what the Motleys have done. The scenery they give us, rather like a first coat in tone, is startlingly sketchy and impressionistic—so much so that when we reach the Auction Scene, with a few lightning sketches on the walls, the picture of Uncle Oliver looks much more like the intimations of a portrait of some old dame.

All of which contradicts not only the expectations raised, but the finished formalities of the dialogue, confirming us in the opinion that it is better to do something old than something new with an old play.

The acting, like the decor, starts brilliantly. From the acute tip of his nose to the acid in each syllable he utters, Mr. Alec Guiness's Snake is as arresting as Hogarth. But as the evening wears on, one finds that it is the minor parts that are being most satisfactorily played. Mr. George Devine as Moses gets every line of humour across. Mr. Frederick Lloyd attacks Sir Oliver with a zest that comes as a relief after Mr. Leon Quartermaine's incombustible Sir Peter and Mr. Michael Redgrave's amiable but uneffervescent Charles.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Lady Teazle has a diminutive charm, but never rises to the plane of real high comedy—a plane on which Miss Athene Seyler, the Mrs. Candour of the production, permanently resides. Nevertheless, this Mrs. Candour is a trifle too artful, for there is a crudity and breadth implied in the name of this character and exhibited in her methods that demands more rawness than Miss Seyler conveys. In looking after the inches, she loses sight a little of the yards.

Having said so much, it is pleasant to be able to welcome Mr. John Gielgud's Joseph as an almost complete success. Mr. Gielgud might possibly underline his sentiments a little more heavily, but for suavity, credibility, polish, and comic resource, this Joseph, playing Master Blifil to Charles's Tom Jones, would be hard to better.

Let us remember to thank Mr. Gielgud not only for his own performance, but for the excellent choice of plays he is presenting this season. Managerially, as well as histrionically, he is an asset to our theatre. And if any other actor gets the next theatrical knighthood, the less Honours List it.

A very hypocritical villain: Joseph Surface (John Gielgud)

Charles Surface (Michael Redgrave) sells his ancestors. Sir Oliver (Frederick Lloyd) is one of them

Afternoon in the Teazle home: Sir Peter (Leon Quartermaine) and his helpmate (Peggy Ashcroft)

A philosopher with deadly arguments (Edward Chapman)

The Theatre *(Continued)*

"People at Sea" (Apollo)

MR. PRIESTLEY has now achieved the feat (already achieved by Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Noel Coward) of having three plays running concurrently in the West End; and as each serves as an advertisement for the other two, why should they not last long enough to be joined by a fourth, and so set up a new record?

People at Sea is less interesting than *Time and the Conways* and much less interesting than *I Have Been Here Before*, the best new play of the autumn. It may, however, be none the less popular for that. The absence of time-theories makes a nice change. Though the author strikes a reflective note here and there, the yarn is just a yarn about a number of passengers adrift in a derelict ship that is bound to sink in the next storm that ruffles the surface of the Caribbean Sea. When we first meet them, the characters seem to have settled down more placidly than might have been expected to talking about themselves, instead of worrying about Davy Jones's locker.

THE plan of the piece is to show how unexpected reversals of character are effected by the situation. Thus, a professor who has spent the whole of his life philosophising and the last few years of it writing a colossal treatise, plunges into action, shoots the stoker who is leading a mutiny on board, and tears up his *magnum opus*. A Wall Street financier of doubtful repute turns ship's cook and finds scrambling eggs much more enjoyable than palming off stocks and shares on to people who don't want them. A Hollywood film star, who has spent her life in selfish pursuit of pleasure, commits suicide with a dipsomaniac author, for fear lest they should be rescued.

There are affinities in all this with *Outward Bound*, but they are superficial rather than fundamental. A passenger who has no passport and, in consequence, does not exist officially, so that he has to spend all his time at sea, provides one of the more entertaining diversions. One feels that this might have been a very good play indeed if Mr. Priestley had devoted another three months to it. As it stands, it is too much inclined to be content with a kind of magazine-story strength.

THREE plays running concurrently are, however, three plays running concurrently—you can't get away from that. Mr. Priestley is a marvel. And although, in this particular case, there are no marvels in his cast, Mr. Torin Thatcher stripped to the waist, Mr. Martin Walker sipping his ten-thousandth stage glass of whisky, and Mr. Edward Chapman philosophising as the philosopher, give sterling value. While Miss Jean Muir and Miss Vivienne Bennett compete as to which can look the paler, a Hollywood drug addict or a lady's maid with venom in every vein.

Sketches by Rouson

Chacun à son gout: dope addict and drunk (Jean Muir and Martin Walker)

Mutineer and mate (Torin Thatcher and Vivienne Bennett)

Anthony

Bronislava Nijinska — a Great Choregrapher

Some months ago Nijinska was called to Poland, the land of her people, to reorganise the ballet there and to take charge of the newly formed national company of dancers, composers and painters. Here was a task worthy of this great choregrapher, who has one of the most intensely creative minds the art of ballet has produced and an extraordinary power of moulding her dancers like wax. Her immense energy communicates itself to all who come under her influence, giving them great vitality and irresistibly developing them as artists. Many of the dancers who have passed through her hands are now outstanding figures in the world of ballet. To-morrow (Thursday) night she and her company, Les Ballets Polonais, begin their season at Covent Garden, coming from Paris, where they won the Grand Prix de Ballet at the Exhibition. They bring with them five new ballets by Nijinska herself, of whose choregraphy far too little has been seen in London during the last few years

Mrs. Frederick W. Hartman

The Viscountess Harcourt

Mrs. Frederick Hartman, *wife of the "Buick king," who is joint-Master of the Southdown, is one of the charity hostesses who really work. Quiet, succinct, as chairman of the women's side of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, she takes committees at high speed—winds them into double donations.*

Lady Harcourt, *young, dark, attractive, with a very sympathetic manner, is good at roping Household Brigade and others into a fireworks annual for the Mount Vernon Hospital. Also works for other causes, taking her duties seriously but with humour. She has two little girls and a house in Eaton Place*

They Really Work for Charity

Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox, *(monocled Diana Kingsmill from Ottawa) works every day at 121, Westbourne Terrace collecting clothing and comforts for the Far East. She brings vitality, gaiety and common-sense to this "Fund for Relief of Distress in China." Her husband is the Duke of Richmond's journalist cousin; they have one small son.*

Lady Plymouth *who has Charteris charm, Wyndham wit and an individual vagueness all her own, writes hundreds of letters in long-hand about charities to which she lends her title; cajoles maximum co-operation from committees. Makes time for husband, several houses and five children; teaches the younger ones history and Scripture*

Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke, *granddaughter of the late George F. Baker, American railroad monarch, has a country house on Campden Hill, a husband who was in the 14th/20th, two babies and one hobby—the London Fever Hospital. She gave it a pay-party at home "because I shall make more for the hospital that way."*

Mrs. Leslie Gamage, *is the best beggar in W.1, the quickest chairman and ablest organiser. Started the "do it yourself, don't pay an organiser" charity school. Raised £10,000 net at the Infants' Hospital Coronation Ball. She visits her hospital regularly; marshals a permanent ball committee of her friends*

Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox

The Countess of Plymouth

Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke

The Hon. Mrs. L. Gamage

Battles

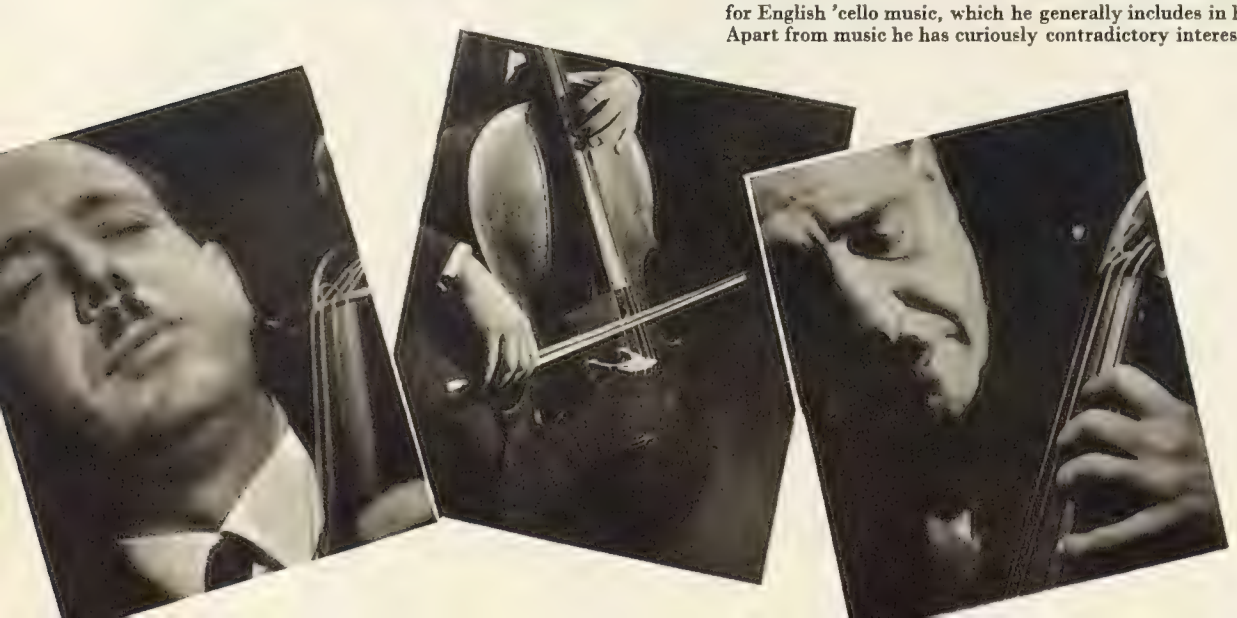
The Hon. Gaenor Scott-Ellis — 1937 Debutante

Margaret Irène Gaenor Scott-Ellis is the fourth of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's five daughters; she was born in 1919, and came out this year, one of the most important debutantes of the Coronation season. Her parents entertain a good deal at Seaford House; Lady Howard de Walden is one of London's leading hostesses on the grand scale and in the musical-social world. Of Miss Scott-Ellis's sisters, two are married—the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay and Countess Serge Orloff-Davidoff, and so is her only brother, whose wife was Countess Irene Harrach

Antoni Sala

A Spanish 'Cellist Who Makes London His Home

Antoni Sala gave his only London recital of the season two weeks ago at the Wigmore Hall, playing with the brilliance of technique, warmth and variety of tone, and vividness in interpretation that make a concert by this Spanish 'cellist a rich experience. He was born in Barcelona forty-four years ago, and is the son of a professor of piano, under whom he began to study music when he was seven. At eleven he made his first public appearance, and next year this infant prodigy toured Spain. Since those days his tours have taken in half the world, but his home is in London—his studio is in Chelsea—and he has a great admiration for English 'cello music, which he generally includes in his programmes when abroad. Apart from music he has curiously contradictory interests in engineering and farming



Photographs by Sibbald

My Goodness—
My Guinness

G.E.683

"Checkmate"

Ninette de Valois' Ballet in Its McKnight Kauffer Setting and Dresses

The tremendous ballet-drama which Ninette de Valois has composed to Arthur Bliss's music has become, since it was first produced in London in September, the most popular ballet in the Vic-Wells repertoire. *Checkmate* seems to have taken hold of the dancers as much as the audience, and last time it was in the programme, two weeks ago, the company gave a really inspired performance. The dancing and mime of June Brae and Harold Turner had an almost frightening intensity, especially in the fight between Black Queen and Red Knight, and Robert Helpmann's acting as the Red King brought the drama to its climax and ending with a superb power. In this picture are Helpmann as the Red King, Pamela May as the Red Queen, June Brae as the Black Queen, Michael Somes and Richard Ellis as the Black Knights. The Red Castles, whose grotesque, stiff and jerky movements are one of the choreographer's most brilliant touches, are usually Leslie Edwards and John Nicholson. McKnight Kauffer's dresses—red and deep gold, black and silver—and the backcloth against which he has set them, contribute greatly to *Checkmate's* strength and impressiveness. This is the first work the American artist has done for ballet

Colour Photograph by Personalities (Press Service)

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Films of the Day

Another French Success

By George Campbell

"WHAT do you mix your paints with?" the old lady said to Whistler; and everybody knows his reply: "With brains, madam, with brains." These French film people must work the same way. Last week it was Jean Renoir's *Underworld* that excited and amused me. This week it is Julien Duvivier's *Un Carnet de Bal*. This magnificent mélange of a picture completes Duvivier's hat-trick, the others, of course, being *La Bandera* and *Pépé le Moko*. Now he is in Hollywood, and we shall see what he can turn out with a famous producer and supervisor, seven or eight script writers, the biggest and best-equipped studios in the world, and a million dollars. Judging by precedent, a flop.

Un Carnet de Bal won the Mussolini Cup at Venice this year, and deserved to. For imaginative quality and sheer brilliance of technique, for the skill with which M. Duvivier moves from ethereal pathos to raw, blood-curdling melodrama, from the subtlest comedy to something bordering on farce it is superb. Episodic though the plot is, skilful script-work and taut direction prevent it from ever becoming diffuse or incoherent, and at the end you are left with the feeling that you really know his characters—that you know, indeed, a whole cross-section of French life.

"UN CARNET DE BAL," as the title suggests, is built around a dance programme. Christine, a widow of thirty-five, is going through her papers: the programme flutters to the floor. With memories tugging at her heart-strings, she reads the names of the young men who danced with her at her first ball and swore devotion in the moonlight. At a friend's suggestion, she sets out to look them up; for only with disillusionment, he feels, will she cease to mourn for the ghosts of girlish dreams.

At the very first house she visits there is an indefinable impression of something wrong. The servant looks fearfully about her and warningly shakes her head; her mistress, smiling and hospitable, inquires after the widow's daughter. "Christine is not treating my son very kindly . . ." And Christine, who has no daughter, realises her hostess is mad: her son shot himself when Christine turned him down, and the poor woman lives in a Pirandello world of illusion, laying out clothes her boy will never wear, preparing food he will never eat.

NONE of the others has done what he set out to do; only three have even attained to peace. A composer (Harry Baur) has taken refuge in the arms of the Church; a second (Raimu) has become Mayor and general Pooh-bah of a small town and is dressing to marry his fat cook ("You 're doing well for yourself, getting my name instead of wages"); a third (Fernandel) is a coiffeur and chats gaily over old times while giving his visitor a "perm."

Dita Parlo and Erich von Stroheim in "Mademoiselle Docteur"—as seen by Vicky, whose exhibition of caricatures is at the Lefèvre Galleries

The ambitious medical student (Pierre Blanchar) has married a shrew, lost an eye, and become an epileptic. Now he lives in an endless nightmare, racked by the scream of machinery outside his horrible waterfront house, haunted by fears that the police will discover the truth about his shady practice. We leave him, gun in hand, advancing on his terrified wife.

The clever young lawyer (Louis Jouvet) has done a stretch for fraud and the widow finds him running a night-club as a rendezvous for crooks. The last of her admirers, unknown to her, has lived for twenty years only five miles away, just across the lovely lake that mirrors chateaux and tall cypresses. But she is too late. He has been dead a week. Though his orphaned son (Robert Lynen), grown overnight from a child prodigy into a lanky youth, is all she brings home from her quest of lost enchantment, at least she has learned that dreams fade while life goes obstinately on.

IT is pleasant to be able to welcome, too, a first-class comedy from Germany, where humour in recent years has not been produced in exportable quantities. *Monica and Martin* is a lively satire on the art world, extremely well made and quite brilliantly acted. Hemingway's tragic documentary, *Spanish Earth*, is showing at the same theatre.

MAX SCHACH'S *Mademoiselle Docteur* is based on the exploits of Anne-Marie Lesser, a German woman spy who won legendary fame—her very existence was at one time doubted—and died two or three years ago in a Swiss asylum. A relentless drama of espionage, it is notable chiefly for its cast. Anne-Marie is played by Dita Parlo, the Continental star; Erich von Stroheim, that stormy petrel and great actor, has a good part as a German Intelligence chief; John Loder is the hero, Gyles Isham a convincing German officer, Claire Luce a cabaret singer, and Clifford Evans a dilettante spy, whose speciality is double-crossing both sides. Edmond Greville, who made *Remous*, directed, and I need hardly add that *Mademoiselle Docteur* is a thriller with many ingenious touches.

I HAVE only a line for the others. 100 *Men and a Girl*, with Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou and Eugene Pallette, is brilliant entertainment, packed with charm, emotion, good music, and uproarious comedy; in *The Last Gangster*, Edward G. Robinson gets a chance to prove that a really tough guy can take it as well as dish it out; and *Walter Wanger's Vogues of* 1938, complete with Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Mischa Auer, and hordes of bright young things in the modes of to-morrow, skilfully photographed in Technicolor, looks like being the answer to the dress-conscious maiden's prayer.

Marie Bell and Françoise Rosay in "Un Carnet de Bal"

Marie Bell, of the Comédie Française, plays the central part in Julien Duvivier's "Un Carnet de Bal," at Studio One. This film, which won the Mussolini Cup at Venice this year, has a tremendous cast; Françoise Rosay was in "Kermesse Héroïque," so was Louis Jouvet, and there are Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar and Robert Lynden ("Poil de Carotte")

The Bishop (David Horne) to Mrs. Jones (Margaret Moffat):
"Do you like the idea of your grandchild being a bastard?"
"I never thought I should live to hear a bishop use that word"

Robert (Owen Nares) to the Bishop:
"I loathe this 'safety first' religion"

Mrs. Armitage (Margaret Scudamore) to Robert's wife: "Whatever you are, be patriotic. Even if you are a foreigner, be patriotic"

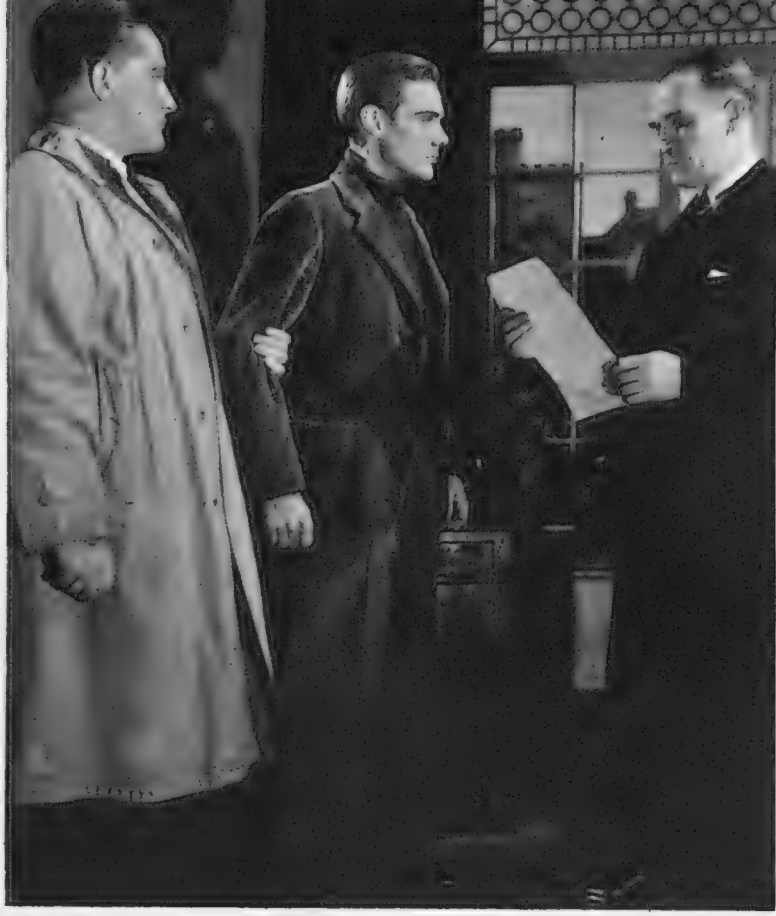
"Robert's Wife"

A Problem Play by St. John Ervine

Mr. Ervine's approach to any subject is not noted as an uncontroversial one, but in his new play, whose chief characters are a parson married to a doctor who runs a birth-control clinic, the author maintains his own neutrality with admirable self-control. *Robert's Wife* is as fair a play as an interesting play can be: Owen Nares and Edith Evans give sincere and revealing performances as Robert and his wife. David Horne, as a bishop, dominates the scene where necessary, Margaret Moffat gives a cameo of bitterness, Margaret Scudamore one of "cup-and-saucer" comedy, Ann Farrer and David Markham supply a subdued love-interest. Marriage, pacificism, the Church, love of race versus love of an individual—these problems all get aired in a very good play. It is at the Globe Theatre

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Robert's Wife (Edith Evans) and Robert (Owen Nares): "Not losing your courage, are you?"



"I have a warrant for your arrest": the youth (David Markham) has seduced the King's forces

June to Bob (Ann Farrer and David Markham): "I love you, you silly idiot"

"Here's the cheque": Miss Orley (Edith Sharpe) tries to help Robert by buying-off his wife

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. R. V. H. Roseveare, Headmaster of Cheltenham

Richard Victor Harley Roseveare is the son of a teacher—Mr. W. N. Roseveare. He was born forty years ago when his father was a master at Harrow. He himself went to Winchester, received his higher education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Western Front (he was seventeen when war broke out). At the former he got a first in Maths., at the latter an M.C. and French Croix de Guerre. He went back to his old school as assistant-master in 1922 and remained there for ten years, with a year's break as teacher at Upper Canada College, Toronto, in 1927-8. He married an Ottawa girl in 1931, Frances Alice Fraser; next year he took his present job at the school with Army traditions in Cheltenham

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

On the very eve of Mr. Hore-Belisha's spectacular clean sweep of the Army Council a jape was going round the Service clubs to the effect that a little time ago Mr. Hore-Belisha was so angry with the Council diehards that he ordered the entire lot to be taken out and blown from guns; and so they would have been if there 'd been any ammunition.

Contrariwise, a knowledgeable chap tells us, there may be a due amount of mumbling and head-shaking and even apoplexy among the purple Ancients of Days in the Service club-windows, but in the eyes of the serving Army—and especially of those officers of ability out of whom the imbecile seniority tradition had nearly taken the heart—Mr. Hore-Belisha is regarded as a Pretty Hot Number who can do practically nothing wrong, if things keep going the way he 's pushing them. Numbers of greying captains all over the Empire are probably downing a beaker or two to his health at this very moment, and who shall blame them?

"Gooseberry bush nothing! It was a top-hat"

Brawl

There is so little healthy violence and brawling in British letters nowadays—due possibly to the prevalence of, figuratively speaking, large masses of eunuchs, homuncules, criticasters, and cautious little half-men with no convictions of any kind to defend, setting down their pale conclusions, as somebody said, like a thin film of smeary wax—that any bit of a dog-fight is cheering. We don't say a few of the Left boys aren't bellicose enough on their own dunghill. So are some of the Right boys. But they never seem to meet in open combat, as the pamphleteers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did, scrapping like mad for their ideas and filling the air with dust and oaths. For this reason we 've been following the newest Belloc-Coulton clash in one of the weekly reviews with enormous relish, though it involves an abstruse point in early Church history which is Sanskrit to most people. But the eminent combatants are of the vintage kind. It 's a real battle. They go for the gloves. They smite and roar and hit each other all over the ring, and they are excellently matched. Dr. Coulton is the Cambridge enthusiast who has compiled all those books showing that everybody who lived before the Reformation was a low-browed ape steeped in crime and living on offal. Mr. Belloc is an equally fierce defender of everything Dr. Coulton most hates, and can laugh in addition. Another pugilist with the same healthy verve, punch, and zing is our eminent namesake, Percy Wyndham Lewis, who takes on all comers with pen and brush alike and bangs the stuffing out of 'em. ("Truculent," opined a tiny critic of his most recent picture show, tee-heeing nervously and reaching for the smelling-salts.) Probably there 'd be many more Cyranos about if editors weren't so afraid of frightening the poor little public over its weak tea and rusks.

More pamphlets and less poohbah, anyhow, that 's our cry.

"Aspirid?"
"Do—Quideed!"

Buoyant Flows the Don

Taking an occasional flip at the more simian and schizo-phrenic (a boss-word invented by Freud, meaning something awful) type of don, more in anger than sorrow, we hope we make it clear we know perfectly well that all dons aren't like that? Of those we happen to know personally, at least three are blokes whose company is an undiluted pleasure, and who are as gay and human as dammit. We weren't surprised to find one of them, Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, M.P. (Cons., Cambridge University), standing out in Committee the other day against the idiotic suggestion of setting up a Films Commission to control that poor old bag of troubles the British film industry. Mr. Pickthorn said it horrified him to think what the Music Hall in its great days would have been like if a Commission had been controlling it—it wouldn't have approved of Little Tich, and would hardly have allowed Marie Lloyd to exist—and he put the case against this sort of control in one succinct phrase: "I am against a Commission of this kind because it is intended to be

expert, continuous, bureaucratic, philanthropic, and uplifting."

That 's the kind of stuff we want from the Universities, representatives in public life, don't you agree ? Recurring kicks in the pants for Bureaucracy in any and all of its hideous shapes. Constant socks in the jaw for prigs and fusspots avid of controlling this and that and the other. Constant reminders that, e.g., people like Little Tich and Marie Lloyd were something nationally precious, of whom we might easily have been deprived had the forces of British prigdom had their way. And if you think this is all rhetoric, study some of the dreadful faces streaming from the next Liberal Party convention.

Yoo Hoo, Ichthyoidals !

A CORRESPONDENCE on the Wooster Chin has been occupying Auntie *Times's* more thoughtful readers for a few days recently. They don't always choose such a vital or absorbing kind of topic, and we were rejoiced to see the old Maestro himself plunging vigorously into the discussion, like a battle-horse fresh from grass. Having been unswerving Wodehouse fans for over thirty years—we started in *The Gold Bat* period, when we were only so high and the Maestro was, as you might say, only a footpath through the woods in comparison with the national beauty-spot he 's since become—we were glad to see that he wasn't abashed in the least by Auntie, who paralyses most correspondents into writing in full dress and as if their mouth were pronouncing " plum," " plum," " plum," very slowly and carefully, but addressed the old mopsy with a breezy, boyish camaraderie and insouciance Ukridge would have quailed at.

The word for Bertie Wooster's chin, you 'll like to hear, is " opisthognathous." It recedes, that is. Mr. Wodehouse, ever a chap for facing facts, come what may, went a little further and admitted to Auntie that the hereditary Wooster pan from birth is ichthyoidal, or fish-shaped. Next day somebody came back at him with the consolatory observation that to be called fish-faced is not necessarily derogatory, and that a boiled salmon (e.g.) has natural grace in repose. (Not so, we would add, the cod, a Liberal dial if ever there was one, especially when fried.) Anyway, we all enjoyed it, especially as in the adjacent leader-columns Auntie herself was meanwhile holding forth in her most Jeeves-like manner. Just like home, it was.

Objet d'Art

EVERYTHING is being destroyed at such frenzied speed nowadays that by the time these words are in print the buffet at Sloane Square Station on the District Line may have gone, though the contract for rebuilding the station was only placed on November 30th. But if there 's time to see the buffet beforehand, do. It is what may be justly called a museum-piece, and ought to go into the London Museum. It dates from 1868, when steam trains ran on the District Line and tin foot-warmers and mutton-chop whiskers and oil lamps and tall hats were common objects, and it has never been altered. Your great-grandfather, mufflered and plaid-trousered, sipped a whisky at that marble counter before his City train, glancing at what must be the same dim-faced clock. The place has a nostalgic, frowsy, faded, fly-blown atmosphere, as of yellowed Victorian prints. Possibly some of the original sandwiches still remain under those glass bells. The plaster and the mirrors may have been repainted or renewed once or twice, but they can't ever have been new. Every night, in the small hours, we think, Sloane Square buffet is full of whiskered, top-hatted ghosts complaining of the sulphurous smoke rising from the station and discussing Napoleon III.'s chances against the Prussians. Underneath the floor still runs what is left of the ancient West Bourne stream, ignobly confined in a metal pipe.

This ideal spot for romantic purposes has only been twice used by modern novelists, so far as we know. Didn't Soames Forsyte have a quick one in the Sloane Square buffet one foggy night in the 80's ? And didn't the gossip-writer in *Vile Bodies* naughtily announce that it was the newest rendezvous of the Bright Young People and set a lot of mugs hurrying there ?

" We 're both undone. Now *what do we do ?"*

Suggestion

WHEN the Mayor of Crèvecœur-le-Grand (Oise) informed Josephine Baker at her marriage the other day that she had in future to obey her husband, M. Jean Lyon, young business man and aviator, the slim, coffee-coloured Missouri-born sweetheart of a million Folies-Bergère audiences threw back her head and burst into trills of girlish laughter, an eye-witness reports. But when the Mayor after the ceremony gave her a little *état civil* handbook with blank pages, " for lots of children," and intimated that France expected her to do her duty, Mme. Lyon merely laughed sweetly and said, " Why not ? " Which shows that a girl may spend her time prancing round a Parisian music-hall stage dressed in nothing but a few bananas, and yet have some right ideas about marriage, especially as she intends retiring from the stage quite soon.

You 'd never find such a cosy little scene occurring in a British register office, we dare swear. A decent British registrar would die of shame at the thought of it. But the Church has always been quite candid and calm about these things, leaving no bride with any false impression of her duty (Psalm 127 is explicit on the point), and seeing how the falling birth-rate is worrying nearly every Government in Europe, many of whom are resorting to bribery, it may be that even in England before long people who marry outside the Church will have to have these matters brought directly to their notice, by order. We 'd love to see the official Whitehall précis instructing registrars in what they should say. " Oh, and by the way—— ! " might be as good a preface as any.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

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C.F.H.

The Varsity match—R. M. Marshall, an Oxford forward, gets the ball from a line-out

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE sporting world is enduring with its usual resilient fortitude a number of irruptions. The Rugby Union authorities, for example, are rightly contemplating action about the chaos caused by complex laws. The M.C.C. Commission on County cricket has presented us with some refreshingly forthright and constructive recommendations; and last week at Twickenham Oxford startled all the pundits by taking seventeen points off Cambridge.

The Varsity match is stale news now. We have gone over it point by point, analysed and dissected it and tucked it away, so to speak, in the record books, where it stands as a glorious achievement for Oxford.

There is only one observation that I have to make, which is that there never has been a clearer example of the prime importance of sound scrummaging. The Cambridge pack was suspect all along. But when they heeled the ball with monotonous regularity, it looked as though they had confounded their critics. Actually they themselves were confounded; for by heeling slowly they played right into the hands of those deadly Oxford tacklers.

It suited Oxford's book perfectly to smash up the Cambridge attack and rely upon swift opportunism. If Cambridge, hooking the ball so often, had either heeled it quickly and cleanly or held it and shoved or wheeled, we might have had a very different tale to tell.

THE Rugby world just now is considerably agitated about the laws and their interpretation. The trouble is, say our legislators, that players regard the laws from the American point of view, as obstacles to be surmounted. The players, on the other hand,

An Ice Hockey Match—Harringay All-Stars v. the Rest—for Charity at Harringay

Sitting in front are Lady Harcourt and Sir Gerard Fuller, and behind are Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis. Mrs. Gunnis was deputy chairman of the committee that organised the match in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund

Lady Brecknock presented the cup after the All-Stars v. the Rest match at Harringay, to Frankie Leblanc, who captained the winning team—the Rest

Through the December mist at Twickenham—a Cambridge attack

The King shaking hands with the Oxford team before their surprising and spectacular defeat of Cambridge by 17 points to 4

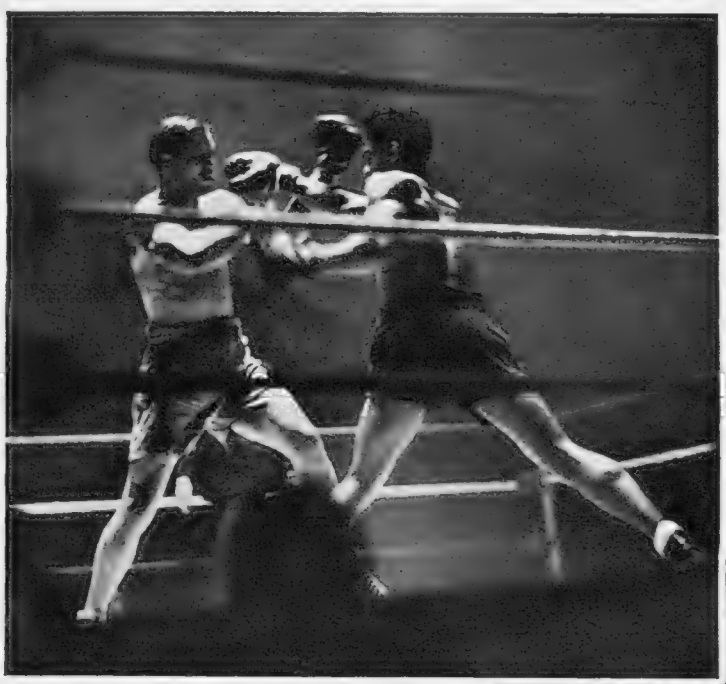
argue that they would be quite prepared to abide by the intentions of the authorities if only those intentions were made plain.

The result is stalemate and a weakening of authority which cannot be allowed to continue.

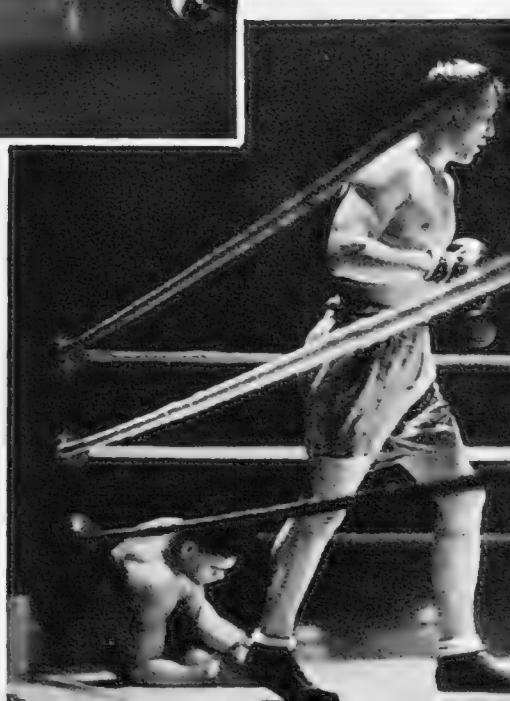
We shall hear more of this, I dare say; but in the meanwhile the game goes on cheerfully enough and the English Selectors came away from the first trial match at Newcastle with beaming faces. They had seen some grand attacking football in the most horrible conditions; and there is no doubt that they have plenty of first-rate material to work upon. Their difficulty is not to find backs, but to blend them successfully.

FOR next Saturday's trial at Ipswich they have rightly recognised the merit of seven University players. Macdonald gets a place on the Probables' left wing, and he deserves it, for he was the one Cambridge back who showed any initiative. Freakes and Obolensky we expected to see in the teams, but Cooke, at scrum-half, would have been a long shot indeed before the Varsity match. He played so magnificently against Cambridge, though, that his trial is an honour richly deserved. We may say the same of

(*Concluded on page 426*)



Below: Tommy Martin goes down for the last of many times, and is counted out, while the victor from Battersea, Frank Hough, walks away



Frank Hough and Tommy Martin

Frank Hough, of Battersea, knocked Tommy Martin, of Deptford, out in the tenth round of their very one-sided fight at the National Sporting Club last week

Left: Mr. Dick Fairey and Miss Aina Berger were at the cocktail-party given at the Dorchester by Orientourist Ltd., the organisation that is taking a party to India this winter in charge of Rosita Forbes, and with Brig.-Gen. Hutchinson as O.C. big game hunting. Dick Fairey, who has just come of age, is the son of Mr C. R. Fairey, by his first wife

Four Engagements

Catherine Bell

The Hon. Valerie Mansfield

Lord and Lady Sandhurst's only daughter is engaged to Viscount Parker, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield; he is twenty-three and she is nineteen. Her parents live at 51, Queen's Gate Gardens, and at Edgbrook, Sheringham, Norfolk

Lenare

Miss Jill Ehlert

Jill Ehlert is being married to-morrow to the Hon. Peter Lyon-Dalberg-Acton, Lord Acton's brother, at Bridgnorth, Salop, with a reception at Lord Acton's home, Aldenham Park. She is the only daughter of the late Hugh C. Ehlert, and Mrs. Ehlert, of Buenos Aires

Fayer of Vienna

The Lady Patricia Douglas

Having been rumoured for some time, Lady Patricia Douglas's engagement to Count John de Bendern was announced last week. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry and Lady Dunn, and he is the second son of Count de Bendern, Councillor of State, Principality of Liechtenstein, and of Countess de Bendern

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Patricia Hambro

Patricia Marjorie Hambro is the youngest daughter of the late Major-General Sir Percy Hambro, and Lady Hambro, of 12, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. Her engagement was also announced last week, to John Scott Limnell Lyon, eldest son of Major and Mrs. C. G. Lyon, of Whitley Lodge, Whitley Bridge, Yorks.

This England . . .

Sussex Downs — near Petworth

OF all good trees the oak is nearest to our hearts. Nor is this sentimental, though oak has framed our homes for centuries, and much oak of the Sussex breed went to "the wooden walls of England" that kept those homes inviolate. Nay, rather is it sympathy with that slow coming to maturity that is the English test of worth. Three hundred years to grow, three hundred to mature, and as many more to die, runs the lore of the oak. That is a very English thing, like bowling-turf and beer. Good beer comes slowly to maturity (in oaken barrels, too). And when such beer is really brewed in the ancient way, you have your Worthington—most sympathetic of them all!

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Henry Longhurst's Book

WHEN I was in Switzerland last August, the manager of one of the hotels at the place where I was staying suggested that I should go out there for the next winter sports. I explained that I had done no ski-ing or indulged in any other winter sports for some years, and that it is difficult to teach an "old dog" new tricks. He then said that he was certain that after a few lessons on the "nursery slopes" I would be able to ski sufficiently well to get enjoyment and fun out of it. I replied that perhaps there was a good book on *How to Ski* which I could study. This suggestion of mine was received very coldly by my friend, who said that most of the books on ski-ing were written by men who cannot ski, by men who never could ski, and by men who have little knowledge of how to ski or of anything to do with ski-ing.

I am afraid that there is a great deal of truth in what this hotel manager said, and certainly many instructional books are written by people who cannot do it, by people who never could do it, and by people who never will be able to do it. Other types of authors of these sorts of books are men who can write, but have little knowledge of their subject, and by men who have a very sound knowledge of their subject, but, unfortunately, cannot put this knowledge on paper. I wrote this article while staying the week-end with some friends in the country, and my hostess told me that she had lately been reading a book written by an airman in which he describes his bomb attacks on the enemy and gave graphic description of how he saw the arms and legs of his victims flying in the air. This, of course, is absolute nonsense and quite impossible. I myself spent four years of my life bombing the enemy, so I do know what I am writing about—at least, on this one occasion.

I HAVE lately been reading Henry Longhurst's book, *Golf*. None of the remarks which I have made *re* authors applies in his case. It would be difficult to find a more able writer on "How to Play the Game of Golf" than Henry Longhurst. He has seen practically every first-class player in the world and many of the worst players. He went to America last year to report the Walker Cup matches, and afterwards played in the American Amateur Championship. In 1936 he won the German Amateur Championship at the Wannsee Country Club near Berlin, and this year was only just beaten in the final of the French Amateur Championship, and would probably have won if I had been there to train him.

If Longhurst wrote a book on *Motor Racing on the Sands*, I should not place very much reliance on what he wrote, as I do not consider him an expert on this subject, but, of course, it may possibly be that the sands at St. Enodoc are unsuitable for this sport. Anyway, his attempts at motoring on the sands there were not very successful. But when he writes about golf or playing golf, I read him with great interest, as I do know that he knows what he is writing about and that he is probably at the present time in a better position than anyone else to tell us how to try to do it.

HE has managed in *Golf* to make his book interesting and instructive, both to the plus player and the long-handicap player—a very difficult thing to do. He starts many of his chapters by quoting the opinions of the leading players of the world (it is really extraordinary how much they vary), sifts the evidence like a good judge, and then tells you what conclusions he has personally come to. There is nothing dictatorial in his book, and, in many instances, having stated the case, he leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions.

I cannot in this article give you very full particulars about his book, except that it is written by an expert on the subject, by a man who can write and by a man who is a very good player. If you want to know more about it, you will have to get it, and if you do, I am convinced that you will never regret the six shillings expended on it.

ALTHOUGH Longhurst's book will make a most excellent Christmas present to any golfer or would-be golfer, I do not wish any of my friends to send it to me, as the author has already very kindly presented me with a copy, no doubt as a token of appreciation for pulling him through rounds too numerous to mention year after year in the Halford Hewitt Cup competition.

Longhurst has had the somewhat unusual experience of never having played on a losing side in the Halford Hewitt Cup competition. He first played for the Old Carthusians four years ago, since when they have always been successful. He is a very good foursome partner: he keeps on trying, and even when playing far from his best is always likely to put in a telling thrust when it is most wanted. His only weakness as a foursome partner is that he sets himself too high a standard of play and is not satisfied with a good result unless the shot has been well struck. It gives him no satisfaction whatsoever if he puts the ball stone-dead by hitting it on the head—in fact, it rather annoys him, and shots which give very satisfactory results give him no pleasure if they are hit to the toe or the heel side of the centre of the club. In short, as regards playing the game of golf he is too much of a purist.

Golf, by Henry Longhurst, was edited by Howard Marshall and published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., and costs 6s.

What a Chance for the "Pick and Shovel" Golfer!

Owing to the two-inch-deep fall of snow which blotted out the Hertsbourne Manor golf course on December 9th—

—the Herts County Professional Golfers' Alliance meeting did not take place! It has been postponed until to-morrow, December 16th. Here are some of the thwarted competitors

Golf Clubs at Home

The Bedford and County

The Bedford and County used to be the Mid-Beds Golf Club, and was opened in its new and improved form last year. It lies about fifty miles from London on the uplands near Clapham Village, 200 feet high, with fine views over the Ouse Valley, and towards the Ampthill hills. The course is on clay, extremely well drained, and measures 5801 yards

(1) A. Chrystal (captain). (2) A. Clough Waters. (3) The Rev. A. J. Pym. (4) L. Jordan (vice - captain). (5) R. A. Wells. (6) Malcolm McNish. (7) Col. S. G. Isitt (director), Basil F. Trask (secretary), J. McNicoll Gibson (director). (8) Col. G. M. Tyrell, D.S.O., A. Titmus, G. H. Nind, E. W. Crowsley. (9) H. A. Gillett, H. A. Locke, D.S.H. Cooke, L. H. Hall

Picnic at the Varsity Match

Mr. Goold, an Oxford Rugger Blue, and his wife, took a party to see this year's match and had with them Mr. and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Marsh, and Mr. Randall Johnson

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 421)

Chadwick, Marshall and Mayhew; but apart from University players, by far the most significant thing about these trial teams is the fact that the Selectors are steadily building up the England side, and sticking manfully to their convictions in the process. Wales will have to face an England team instead of a collection of possibly brilliant individuals. And that gives England a flying start before the first boot lands on the ball.

Now to cricket and the M.C.C. Commission's proposals, which seem to me first-rate. The Commissioners were Mr. W. Findlay, Mr. R. C. N. Palairet, Mr. R. H. Mallett, and H. D. Bessemer. And they discovered, among other things, that the counties are losing £27,000 a year. Towards this deficit they receive £16,500 from the visits of overseas teams. But, even so, the position is sufficiently alarming.

The Commissioners made many suggestions, among them the reduction of counties in the championship, a plea for less negative bowling, a criticism of the over-preparation of wickets, a recommendation about hours of play, and, most important of all, an entirely new scheme for scoring points in the championship.

This scheme, which places a premium on first innings lead, should be a great incentive to positive attacking cricket, and I have no doubt that the county game would be immensely improved if the Commissioners' report were adopted, lock, stock and barrel.

As a matter of fact, I gather that most of its recommendations have the backing of the authorities concerned, and it is highly probable that some of them will be put into operation next summer.

We shall, I am certain, see less short rubbish by fast bowlers and, in general, the whole county championship will be sharpened up and made more attractive to spectators without sacrificing the fundamental qualities of cricket.

On top of this lively report comes the news that M.C.C. will attempt to have county cricket exempted from the Entertainments Tax in the next Budget. It does seem hard that a game which gives pleasure to so many thousands, and provides a livelihood in so many ways, direct and indirect, for thousands more, should be taxed out of existence. That is what is happening. In three seasons the average amount of Entertainment Tax on county cricket was nearly £16,000; and that is a crippling burden which no game passing through such difficult times should be asked to support.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer may say that to distinguish cricket from other forms of entertainment would be invidious. But M.C.C. have in their councils advocates powerful enough to dispose of this argument. It would ill become the Chancellor, at any rate, to kill the goose which has already laid him so many golden eggs.

Now to lawn tennis and the probability that Austin will play no more for our Davis Cup team. I am not at all surprised at his decision, though he may yet be talked into representing his country again. He would be a tremendous loss, naturally, but his reasons for giving up are sound enough.

We ought to take the long view, he says, and build up a young team which may win the Cup in three or four years' time; and the sooner we begin encouraging our youngsters, the better. That sounds like common sense to me, though I hope that if Austin does not play himself, the L.T.A. will see that we have the benefit of his advice and experience.

Cots, Prizes and Presents

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

Fog and frost notwithstanding, some things occur with equal regularity to cheer up the first half of December, which none of us would willingly forego. One of these is the luncheon at which the Golfers' Cot Cup is presented to its proud winner, and this year's was even more informal, more delightful, than ever. There were so many speakers — everybody present was made to say something—and so many disclaimers of having done anything to help the Fund or deserve an invitation, that I hardly dare say who did do what.

This, though, I do know, and that is that the Cup and memento — both the gift of Mrs. Ormesby-Cooke—were handed over by the donor to Mrs. Bode, of Sidcup, who took them into Kent for the first time by reason of her startling 105−36=69 at West Kent, where the par is 76. It must have been a remarkable round, beginning with a shot out of the rough at the first hole which hit the pin and lay dead, and continuing with seven more single putts.

Essex supplied the runner-up, for Messrs. Alexander Clark's prize, Miss Marchant returning 97−27=70 at Naze, where the par is also 76; and Middlesex topped the list so far as money raised is concerned, with £8 12s.

The upshot of it all is that, besides supporting one cot, the women golfers of the Home Counties will by next year have raised enough to "build" a second, this one in the country branch of the Princess Elizabeth of York's Hospital for Children at Banstead. Miss H. V. Smith and *Fairway and Hazard*, of course, have done Trojan service for this cause; so did Miss Joy Winn, when she started the ball rolling; and Miss Hornby (amidst Conservative and other activities) is the link between the golfers and the Hospital. The rest of the party seemed chiefly there because they enjoyed themselves.

So much for that. Of the Golf Ball, that other hardy annual, you shall hear next week.

Annual general meetings are also in the air just now, and the Stage Golfing Society elected Miss Maisie Evans captain for 1938. This Society has Addington for its official course, but there is not the slightest occasion to look upon the club or any of its members as suspects for typhoid. On the unimpeachable authority of the Secretary of Addington, let it be stated that the Club has its own well, independent of any other supply, and that this has been analysed and left the court without a stain upon its character. Not that everybody who goes to Addington wishes to drink nothing but pure water. Still, there it is for those who do.

The Veteran Ladies' Golfing Association had a very delightful interlude at their annual meeting, Mrs. Halse Rogers coming there to present the prize which she has given to the Association as a remembrance of the good time, and the great welcome given to her by them this year. Mrs. Rogers is, of course, President of the Australian L.G.U.; I have a shrewd suspicion that, without her energy, initiative and persistence, golf all over that side of the world would be in a very different position to-day to the firm one it actually holds. So it would really seem that the Association—in fact, all British golf—has gained this year by Mrs. Rogers' stay in England, rather than that she has anything to thank us for.

However, it is very pleasant for the "Vets" that she thinks the boot is on the other foot, and particularly for Miss Doris Chambers, who set her heart on winning the match-play tournament for Mrs. Rogers' trophy—and did win it. A very fine performance that, to crown her win of the "Vets" championship and the scratch prize in this, her first year with the Association. According to her own version, she has only got there just in time. Mrs. J. B. Watson, its first L.G.U. plus 2; Mrs. Temple Dobell, and Mrs. Latham Hall come in next year; 1887-8 was a vintage year in lady golfers, it seems. Nowadays, not only do we Buy British and Be Proud of It. We Are Fifty and Proud of It. What would poor Jane Austen say to such candour?

Jane Austen takes me to bookshops; bookshops to Christmas presents; Christmas presents to the fact that I ought to go out and buy some, instead of sitting here in warmth and comfort writing to you. Shall I compromise by suggesting what you should go out and buy for your golfing friends? Bags, leather or otherwise, balls, tees (don't say I cannot think of penny buns as well as wedding-cake)—you can hardly go wrong with any of those. Better still, a cheque to the shop of the "pro" of your friend, and a card to her to tell her it is there, will she go and help herself—in fact, a glorified species of Book Token.

On second thoughts, what would the L.G.U. say about it? Have not the R. and A. begged them to do all in their power to discourage the giving of vouchers as prizes, and if not as prizes, why not as presents? Did somebody murmur "Britain is a free country"? I sometimes wonder.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

They're all asking for COOLTIPT

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 117

Pavement Light

By John Gloag

Illustration by Robert Bruce

You ain't got nothin' on me. What d' you fetch me along 'ere for? I 'm not one of those who do anything underhand. I never pass betting-slips or such. If you think you 've got anything on me, it 's up to you to prove it. I 'm an innocent bloke, I am.

Of course I don't mind answering a few questions; but don't ask me to sign any confession for anything I haven't confessed. I don't even know why you 've got me here. There hasn't been any charge, has there? There ain't none of this third degree stuff with London cops, is there? I 've always kept clear of the police, though I know all the police on my beat from the knees down. You get to know what a man's legs and feet look like if you 're squatting on the ground the whole day with a show of pictures: and you can tell those legs and feet when they go out of uniform, too. I don't look up often: it 's better not to in our business. I believe the pictures themselves what you draw on the ground should do your job for you. Your own mug shouldn't come into it at all.

I 'm not one of those who run the pathetic stunt. No. I 'm just old Uncle Andy, and I 've been a pavement artist since I left me right foot on the Somme. I do put up my medals: I go as far as that. Only two of 'em, more 's the pity. It would have paid better a few years ago if I 'd 'ad a 1914 or 1915 star to go alongside of Mutt and Jeff; but people are forgetting the war now, and *I* say that 's a good thing. You can 'ave too much of the wounded 'ero stuff; and I never did stand for that.

I 've always liked fiddling about with chalks, and I 'm not going to say my job isn't sure and isn't cosy. It is. I draw what I like; I 'ave nice easy hours, make a warm thing of it on my pitch, which just catches the morning crowds from Charing Cross; and it 's a healthy, open-air life, say what you like.

All right, Inspector; I 'm not talking just for the sake of talking. You 've got to 'ear a bit about the sort of life I lead if you want me to talk about myself, and you said you did. You want to know how I pick the right pictures, eh? How do I know what 's right? How do I decide what to draw in chalks?

Well, I get to know what the public likes. I 'll tell you what they go for. They get sick of salmon and sunsets and bits of fruit on a dish and bowler hats. There 's nothing *to* those things. What they like is a film star or so. I run Marlene and Garbo and Ronald Colman, whoever 's in a big West End picture; but what goes down best is something copied off the picture pages of the papers. You know, it tickles folks to see drawn out on the pavement something they 've been looking at in the train either in their own paper or in somebody else's. It gets 'em every time. I get a couple of papers myself coming up to work, and I 'as a dekko at them in the tram from Battersea, and by the time I 've got to my pitch, I 've made up my mind which are the two main pictures of the morning.

I 'm on the job at half-past seven, and by half-past eight the show 's all ready for the nine-o'clockers. That 's a thin half-hour, that is. The half-past-nine-to-a-quarter-to-tenners are the blokes that brass up. It 's women mostly before nine o'clock who chuck a penny into the hat. Sometimes, later in the day, when the young West End type of office gent is out for his morning coffee, I get talking with 'em, and sometimes get tuppence, threepence, or even a tanner.

What do I take in a week? Well, sometimes I 've made as much as fifteen bob a day. Call it two-pound-ten a week. Suits me. I 'm exercising my talent, after all, and who says I can't draw? Mind, I 've never been inside an art school.

Can I draw except from a copy? Why, easy. I can draw anything. Can I draw the inside of this room? You lemme 'ave me chalks and try me out. Oh, the Sergeant 's 'ad me chalks brought along, 'as 'e? Well, I must say that 's thoughtful. Would you like me to put some of you into the picture, Inspector? No? I can if you want me to. If I could clear a space on the floor just here. I 'd rather draw on stone, you know; makes me feel more at home, and this floor 's a fair treat. There now: if you 'll just stand back a bit so as I can get an idea of how the corners run into each other and how the walls go, and how that desk in the corner comes into the picture—there, that 's how the windows go, ain't it? And there 's the stove. Now then: how 's that bit of light falling across from the window? Now we 'll do that with black, and fill in afterwards with white.

There you are, Inspector! Beginning to look like a regular picture of the old 'ome, ain't it? Sure you don't want me to put you in it? All right; but I hope some of you gents are going to put some pennies in the hat when I 'm through with all this. No; I said before I don't always have to have a copy. Ain't I just proved it on the floor there? Ain't that a perfect picture of this room? It 's only your own fault that you wouldn't let me put a few portraits in it.

All right, you want to ask a few more questions; not that you 've asked many,

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Christmas is an excellent excuse for a new outfit, and Jay's, Regent Street, are showing an interesting collection of two and three-piece ensembles in their ready-to-wear department on the second floor. While many of the new models in soft wool are lavishly trimmed with fur, others in rough tweed are plain and severely tailored. A delightful ensemble for country week-ends is seen above for seventeen and a half guineas. The suit in nigger brown diagonal bouclé is cut with a single-breasted jacket and box pleats in the skirt, while the three-quarter length top coat in knotted tweed swings freely from the shoulders. It has a pronounced check in shades of green, red and brown, against a stone ground. Another model, for travelling and country wear in general, consists of a cardigan suit in rust and a full-length top coat in dark brown cheviot, lined with a reversible check tweed in shades of rust and brown to tone with the suit

The Younger Generation

Children's fashions are quite as varied as those of their parents, and to spend an afternoon at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, choosing diminutive dresses and coats is a fascinating occupation. There are all sorts of party frocks, some with long skirts touching the ankle, and others short and full, like the model on the right. This is in blond net sewn with lace frills of the same pale gold shade. It has puff sleeves and a yoke outlined by a lace frill and worked in pin tucks. The neck is edged with a rouleau of blue satin ribbon to match the sash and spray of hand-made pastel flowers across the front. A satin slip is included with the dress which is suitable in design for a child from four to ten years of age. A wrap to wear over party frocks is essential at this time of year, and a cloak is preferable to a coat as it will not crumple the dress. Debenham and Freebody are showing models in white fur which are quite enchanting, and others in velveteen warmly interlined. These are made in various shades with a soft Toby frill at the neck

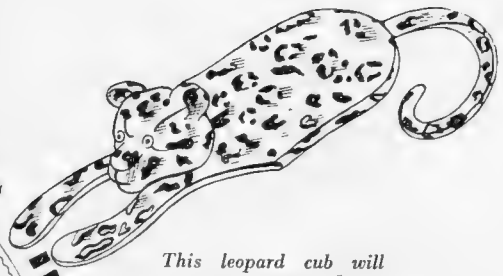
Delicate pastel shades, frills and a general air of "fluffiness" characterises many of this season's party frocks at Debenham and Freebodys. The child on the left, buried in a paper cap and obviously enjoying the joke, is wearing a charming dress in stiffened chiffon over taffeta, worked in gathered frills in alternating sweet pea shades. Three rows of frilling are introduced round the neck while the puff sleeves are worked like the skirt. Her cavalier, who is slightly older, is dressed in a turquoise blue crêpe de Chine suit with a white muslin vest and frills round the collar and cuffs. A smart alternative to this would be dark brown knickers and an off-white satin shirt. Warm double-breasted coats for boys are tailored in smooth tweed with a contrasting check collar, or diagonal cloth with velvet collar and cuffs. Both are very practical and have caps to match, while short knickers in diagonal cloth are available to wear with a wool taffeta shirt. All those who are interested, however, should write for the illustrated catalogue which will be sent gratis and post free

Dover Street Studios

the bystander turns in search of NOVELTIES

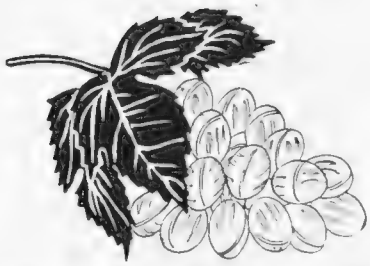
discovered by zeta

pictured by jean



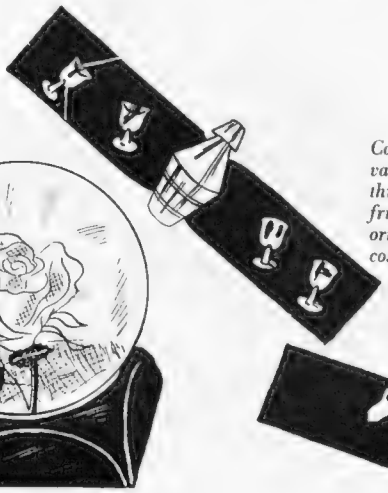
This leopard cub will cause amusement and envy on Christmas morning, as it is both a toy and a hot-water bottle cover. It costs fourteen and sixpence and may be seen at Selfridge's, Oxford Street

Though no longer a novelty, Christmas stockings for dogs are growing more and more popular, and this greedy puppy is directing a longing eye towards one of Selfridge's stockings, which are sold in the Pets' Accessories Department, from four and sixpence. They are filled to order with amusing toys and practical necessities

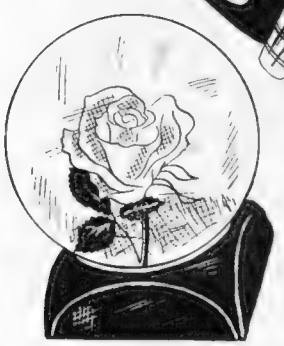


Hang this bunch of grapes in the spare room and let your visitors help themselves. Each grape is a piece of delicately scented soap wrapped in coloured paper, and the bunch packed in a decorative box costs five shillings at Dickins and Jones

A wonderful display of crackers which would make any child green with envy may be seen at Dickins and Jones. The polar bear on this page is an example of a set-piece costing nineteen and ninepence. It has twelve crackers filled with caps and carnival novelties



Cocktail glasses and a shaker in various bright colours decorate this black suède belt from Selfridge's. It provides a touch of originality on a plain dress and costs seventeen and sixpence



The "Aquaflorium" is a new idea in table decoration. It consists of a glass bowl filled with water and a rubber "cork" or cap which also holds the flowers. It is made in various sizes from twenty-four shillings upwards and comes from Dickins and Jones

Accessories are always changing, and all sorts of fantastic trimmings are worn. A charming mascot dachshund enlivens the black suède belt above. It is fifteen shillings and is one of many attractive novelties at Selfridge's

The Ski-ing Girl is another charming table centre from Dickins and Jones. She is dressed in a smart plus-four suit trimmed with red, and carries twelve pale blue crackers containing powder-puffs, monocles, caps and crystal charms, all for thirteen and ninepence

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Man of Many Wiles: By Alan Thomas

THE hero of C. P. Rodocanachi's first novel, *No Innocent Abroad* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is Ulysses: not Homer's Ulysses—or rather, Odysseus—but a man resembling him in cunning who lived in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His character and history are based on those of two historical figures: one is Capalos, the mystery man of Greece, who served the second Mahdi and then betrayed him in order to help Kitchener; the other is Sir Basil Zaharoff. Mr. Rodocanachi preaches no sermons: his task is that of a biographer who, in this case, couples with the story of his subject an intermittent and amusing commentary on the mentality of the Greek, the Near Eastern, and the Englishman. And apart from a few rather rhetorical and high-falutin' passages, a very good job he has made of it all. Ulysses' career—his rise from guttersnipery via shoeblacking, sponge-fishing, the purveying of hashish, and trading of all kinds, to the final pinnacle of finance as an armaments king—is at once incredible and authentic; or as authentic as the lives of two men rolled into one can be, and certainly authentic in the sense that this modern Ulysses is as live a character as his famous namesake—and equally as full of wiles. In order to obtain an armaments order from Turkey he presented the Grand Vizier with a couple of catalogues containing, not photographs, but on each of the 500 pages in each volume two ten-pound notes, clean and new and prettily bound in passe-partout, whence they could be extracted without crumpling or tearing. The Vizier was not unmoved, and Ulysses got the order. Was there ever a more delicate example of the "human touch"?

IRENE BAIRD'S novel, *John* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is as simple and manly as its title. It is also very sentimental. The eponymous hero was one who, according to his brother, had "chucked away his chances": for after the war, instead of taking his natural place in the wool business in England, he preferred to emigrate to Canada. There, in sight of the Pacific, he farmed his piece of land, "grateful that progress had left the smell of the earth alone." There also he met Danæ, who, alas! was married to another. And because John was "sound and clean and true" (words of the toast that he had pledged with his two stepbrothers, that in distinction, in obscurity, at home or abroad, they would always be s. and c. and t.), Danæ went back to her husband in England and John was left to plough his lonely furrow. There were, of course, diversions: a quarrel with a neighbour, for instance, the building of a boat, the routing of an estate agent who wanted to convert John's property into a tourists' paradise, and so on. But not until Danæ's son appeared—"a fine, clean lad," and, of course, his name was John—with news that his father was no more, did a real diversion appear possible. And then it was too late. The chief appeal of the book lies in its sincerity, and in the descriptions it gives of the scenery and atmosphere of country life in British Columbia. John himself is the soul of kindness and wisdom and all that: but I wish he could have remembered some other tune to whistle than "Tipperary."

A Couple of Bulldog Drummonds

Gerard Fairlie, who was the original of "Sapper's" famous character, is with Henry Edwards, who takes the name-part in "Bulldog Drummond Hits Out," which opens at the Savoy next Tuesday. The new "Bulldog Drummond" play was written by Gerard Fairlie in collaboration with the late Lt.-Col. Cyril McNeile

MR. J. B. MORTON'S latest collection of Beachcombings, *Sideways Through Borneo* (Jonathan Cape; 5*s.*), shows no falling off, no dimming of his natural wit or of his ability to discover natural witlessness in others. As the world grows madder, Mr. Morton's task grows easier: and to-day he must be suffering—at all events, in one sense—from an embarrassment of riches. Here we meet again all the old, familiar characters: Mrs. Cabstanleigh, issuing denials of the rumour that she is to be floodlit; Fool-enough turning up at Lord Lochstock and Barrel's and enquiring in front of all the guests for "Any empties?"; Big White Carstairs being fearfully glad to be back home again with his mother so that he can see her and awfully glad to see her now that he is back home again with her again; and, best of all, Dr. Strabismus (whom God preserve!) of Utrecht, patenting inventions for utilising elephants' breath as a smoke barrage in colonial warfare. *Sideways Through Borneo* is one more example of Mr. Morton's versatility, his ability to move in any direction so long as it be against the times. I have long since been told to get rid of that growing pile of bedside books. But this one, I swear, will remain.

IF you are suddenly faced on the menu with Gaylede, Cokyntryce, or Blaundysorye, you may be pretty sure that *Early English Recipes*, with wood engravings by Margaret Webb (Cambridge University Press; 2*s.* 6*d.*), has found its way into the kitchen. Our ancestors had strong palates: they had to have, for as Sir Stephen Gaselee explains in his introduction, before the days of cow-cake and "winter feeding," cattle had to be killed off in the autumn and the meat somehow kept until the next spring, and without plentiful spice it was hardly tolerable to the nose or palate. But toned down a bit, these recipes should make some tasty dishes. Looking over the collection, this is the sort of thing one comes across: a recipe for Ostrys in Gravy Bastard—"Take grete Ostrys, an schale hem; an take the water of the Ostrys, and ale, an brede y-straynid, an the water also an put it on a potte, an Gyngere, Sugre, Saffron, powder pepir, and salt, an let it boyle wyl; then put you the Oystres ther-to, and dresse it forth." Bastard, I should explain, is a sweet Spanish wine.

THE idea of reaching the summit of Everest with the aid of a man-raising kite is not a new stunt invented by "Beachcomber": it was, on the contrary, a perfectly firm offer made by an enterprising gentleman to Hugh Ruttledge in the year 1932; the kite in question was inscribed with large lettering which read "Buy New Zealand Butter." Mr. Ruttledge, however, preferred other means, and the story of the attempt which he and his companions made in 1936 to climb the famous mountain is told in a magnificently produced volume entitled *Everest: The Unfinished Adventure* (Hodder and Stoughton; 25*s.*). The book is a full and comprehensive narrative, complete with maps and a folio of sixty-three excellent photographs. Six expeditions have now visited Everest, and the 1936 expedition got no further than the first. But that the summit *is* attainable Mr. Ruttledge has no doubt. Next year another attempt is to be made, and it may be the last: not because men are ready to accept defeat, but because the Tibetan Government are not prepared, it seems, indefinitely to renew their permits.

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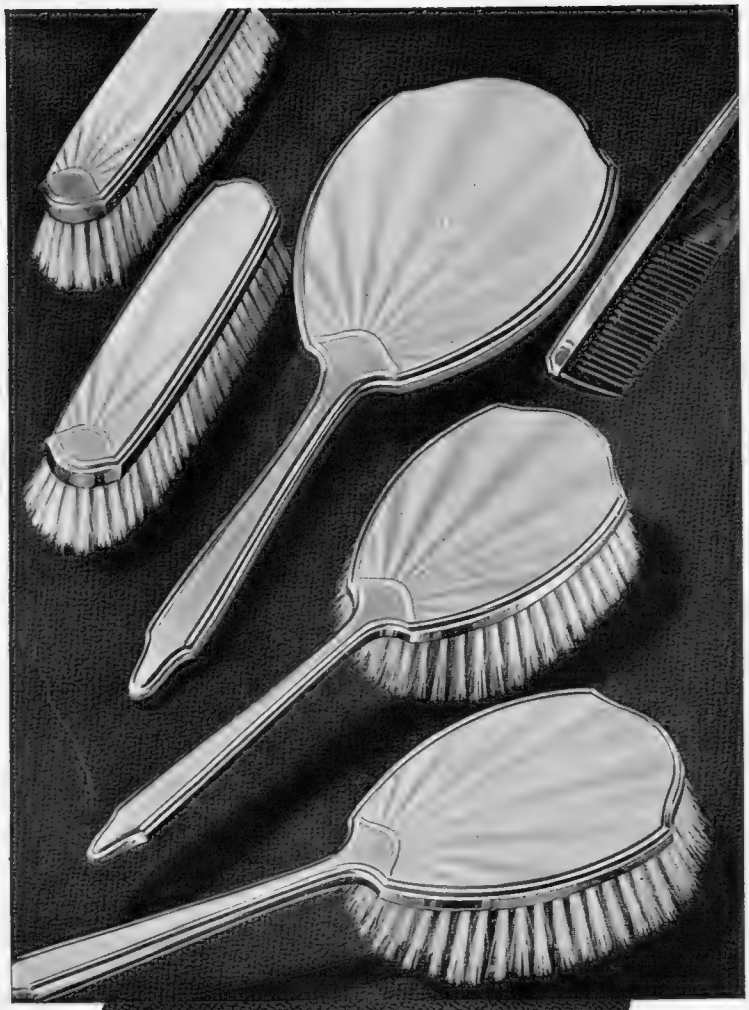

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"The Future is in the Air"

By Charles Ward

An American "Aircar" flown by Frank Hawks over New York. It has simplified control through the medium of a car-type steering-wheel and foot-pedals for brakes and throttle. The latest safety tricycle chassis is a prominent feature

An Imperial Airways Film

No explanation is needed for the title—the film to which it refers is at once a thriller and an object-lesson for all who can read the signs of the times. Imperial Airways gave facilities to a film company to make what is known as a "documentary," illustrating the work that has been done to link the Empire by air. The result is excellent. A travelogue, not in colour, but accompanied by comment in the English language, sufficiently restrained so that an intelligent audience can concentrate on the subject without feeling embarrassed by reason of any fulsome monologue. Actually, three films have been released for general exhibition by Associated British Film Distributors. The first, *Air Outpost*, depicts a day at a romantic spot on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf—Sharjah. The Arab town, armed guards, the desert, modern conveniences, the arrival of the air-liner, its overhaul and departure, are shown in detail during fifteen minutes. Here is romance without sex appeal. Here is the stuff which boys used to dream about when I was young. The conquest of the air is the conquest of Nature, the subjection of the force of gravity, to the need of civilisation. This may sound heavy going, but the film makes light work of its subject. *Watch and Ward in the Air* illustrates the training of pilots for their duties as captains of the flying-boat fleet, which will soon be the principal part. *The Future is in the Air* is propaganda, coated with the sugar of romance and travel, subjects dear to the heart of everyone who stays at home. Those who travel by habit or for business reasons are already wedded to the air-way. The others must be convinced that the vehicle of the future is the aeroplane. The film illustrates a journey to Australia. Several members of the audience, who, like myself, knew more of the trip to the Cape, asked why this route had been neglected. The answer is that it hasn't been neglected. A film of the flying-boat's journey to South Africa is being prepared. The same plea for the use of the air for purposes of peace will be incorporated. Goodwill and understanding between nations is the result which we hope will be achieved. Peace is possible by air through the contact of nations at such short intervals that misunderstanding is impossible.

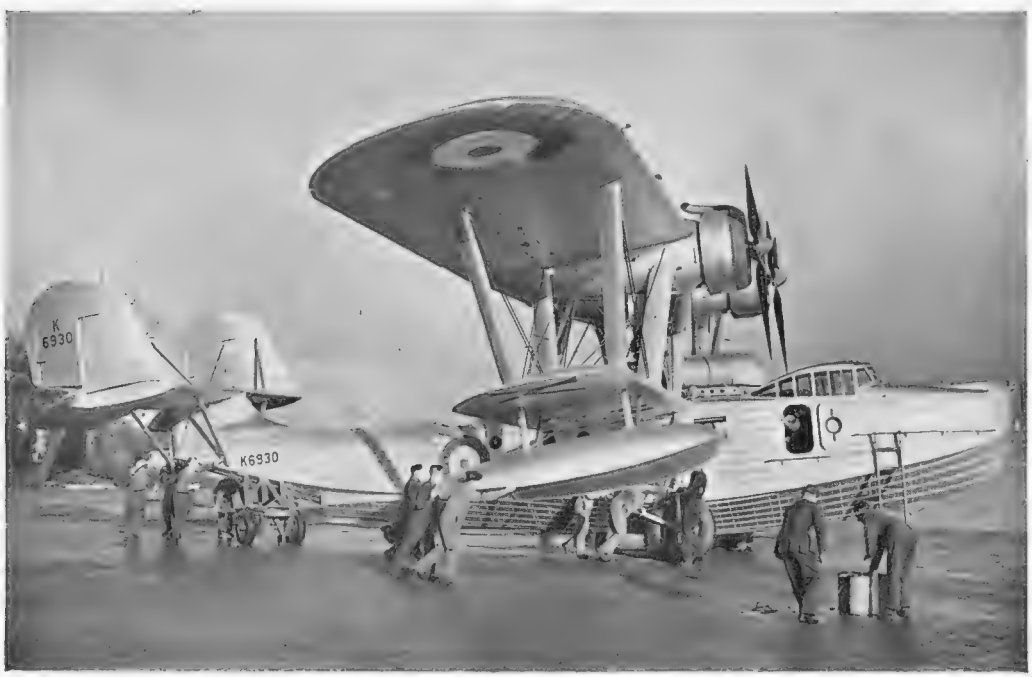
The Young Idea

Those of us who have grown up as designers, engineers, or pilots in aviation, are apt to forget that the inspiration of our early days is not yet general. A certain number of boys are thrilled by the idea of flying, but a large majority still choose steam-engines, farming, finance, building or mining as careers, looking on aviation as risky, both from the physical and financial point of view. There are, however, several colleges in England which cater for those interested in the air. The College of Aeronautical Engineering, with its flying school and test bench at Brooklands, and its advanced training centres at every civil aerodrome, is an example. Last year, 350 students were under instruction, 62 of whom were at Brooklands, and 19 with firms in the industry. Progress is illustrated by the trust placed in the College to design three light aeroplanes. The first to the specification of the Air League, the second for an existing manufacturer, and the third through a competition for a prize of £100 put up by the School itself and arranged to attract the brains of all countries. Colonel Moore Brabazon, the first Englishman to obtain a Royal Aero Club certificate, speaking at the annual dinner of the College, urged Mr. Handley Page to take a practical interest in the design and production of a safe aeroplane for the average pilot.

At Hamble, which may be fairly described as an air university, training is carried several stages ahead. Pilots for commercial jobs are fully equipped to qualify. Similarly, engineers, radio operators, and administrators are given every aid to secure posts in the industry that will lead to the top. Sport, which is inseparable from any educational system in England, forms an important part of the schedule at Air Service Training. Soccer, shooting at the range, ice hockey, rugger, squash, golf, with tennis, sailing and swimming in season, are the principal recreations, so boys need not fear that their physical development will be neglected because they choose the soft seat in the air as a career.

Around London

There have been changes at Brooklands. B. S. Smallman is now secretary of the Flying Club, his place at Shoreham being taken by Cecil Pashley, who is also the veteran pre-war instructor to the South Coast Club. Captain Summers, chief test-pilot for Vickers; Phillip Lucas, test-pilot for Hawkers; Clifford Mollison, well known on the stage, have joined the Club committee. The sub-committee, whose task it is to arrange a party for each week-end, includes also Ken Waller and Duncan Davis, both of whom have the spirit of the members at heart. There is to be a seasonal party at West Malling on the 18th of this month—a dance and buffet supper of the quality for which this mid-Kent aerodrome is famous. Good food, cold beer and a perfect landing-ground, stated in the inverse order to that experienced by the visitor when he or she arrives — what more could be desired? Heston is being absorbed by the Government, but sales and service, the school and the Club will continue to be operated by Airwork, Ltd. The Company is also managing the airport for the time being, and visitors will not see any noticeable change in amenities. Flying times are reflecting the change to bad weather—forty hours at the London and thirty-three hours at Hanworth Club. The Norfolk and Norwich has started a gliding club, complete with "Kestrel" bought by Mr. Alan Colman.



Activity at Mount Batten, before the departure of 204 Squadron for Australia. Five of the Sara "London" type flying-boats are making a journey of 30,000 miles to take an official part in the 150th anniversary of the Commonwealth

British Cars are Best —

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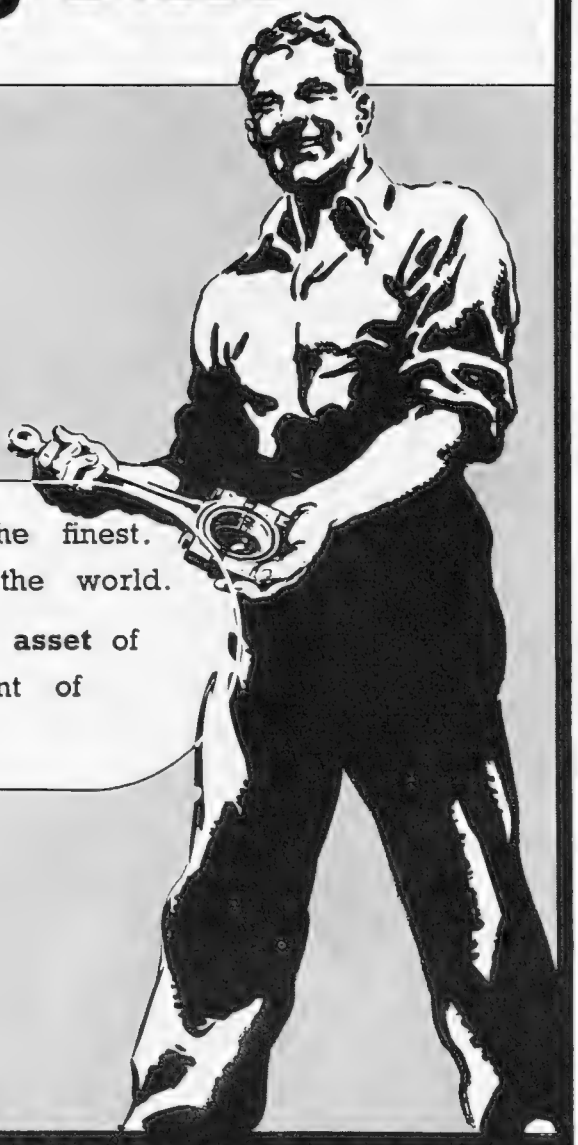

British **craftsmanship** — acknowledged the finest.
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THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

A few weeks back I wrote about the new formula under which Grand Prix racing will be run during the next three seasons. In that article I endeavoured to show how cars of 666 c.c. and upwards were being made to conform with specifications which would as nearly as possible bring them up against each other on level terms.

One feature of the formula as originally laid down governed the dimensions of the bodies which could be fitted, and these dimensions were common to cars in all categories.

Now, however, the international body controlling the sport has yielded to suggestions from Italy that this arrangement should be modified, as it required manufacturers of small cars to fit bodies of far greater width than was necessary.

Consequently, the regulation governing body dimensions has now been cancelled, and as a result single-seater bodies of minimum width may be fitted.

In the past, it has always been the practice to construct the bodies of Grand Prix cars as nearly as possible to fit the individual drivers who were to handle them. This will now be more than ever the vogue with a "free-for-all" body width, and the reserve driver to a team, who may be called upon at any moment to drive any one of the cars constructed to the exact measurements of an individual team-member, will not find his job any more comfortable as a result.

Personally, I am inclined to doubt the entire wisdom of the change.

Past experience has shown us that, in attaining a perfect streamline, the practice employed has been to proportion the car by the necessary width of the body to give the driver controllability, and not by the width of the engine.

If this custom continues—and surely it will?—the small cars will still be handicapped by carrying larger bodies in ratio to their horse-power than their bigger rivals.

The Wolseley Branch of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, started by the Wolseley Athletic Club in connection with the National Physical Fitness Campaign. In the centre is the president, Mrs. W. M. W. Thomas, wife of the managing director of Wolseley Motors

Last week I wrote about Great Britain's domination in the 1500-c.c. class, and this reminds me of the remarkable fact, that although our 1500-c.c. racing cars are clearly world's champions, yet short-distance world's records in this class still stand to the credit of the late Frank Lockhart, the American who lost his life while attacking the land-speed record at Daytona in the hyper-streamlined 1500-c.c. car in which, ten years ago, he attained the amazing speed of 164·01 m.p.h.

I understand that there is a probability that the E.R.A. concern may make a serious attack on these 1927 records during the coming season.

And reference to E.R.A.s

(Concluded on page iv)

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The Brough Superior is a quality car in every sense of the word. Made by craftsmen who were responsible for the World's Fastest Motor Cycle, it is remarkable alike in high speed performance and acceleration. The wonderful coachwork will be appreciated by connoisseurs. The Saloon has the correct touch of dignity, and the Dual Purpose Body (patented) on the coupe can be converted from a completely enclosed Saloon to open tourer in a few seconds by one person.

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Why didn't someone tell her?

Men would come up to her with a glint in their eyes, and after the first lap cast her aside like a sucked glove or a worn-out orange. *And she never knew why.* Nobody dared whisper to her the distressing truth — that through smoking inferior cigarettes she had contracted a violent form of aposiopesis.

And yet if she had only had the sense to smoke Greys she might have married a Big Advertiser and . . . oh well, perhaps we *have* gone a little too far, when all we meant to convey was that Greys are very good cigarettes.

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Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

(once more !) recalls that they really are getting down to this Grand Prix racing business now.

So much so, that special racing mechanics have been engaged who are spending the winter months in doing nothing but perfecting themselves in pit drill.

One man is changing wheels against the stop-watch all day long; another is taking plugs out of a *hot* engine and putting in others.

It is also recorded on the tablets that the pit equipment for next year is being greatly improved, with particular reference to quick refuelling arrangements—thirty-eight gallons in fifteen seconds, or something of the sort, being the goal at which they are aiming.

FOLLOWING the International Grand Prix at Donington, a certain amount of criticism was levelled at the promoters in respect of the manner in which the detail organisation was carried out.

Comparisons were made from which it was intended to convey that the Donington event lacked those niceties of showmanship and those finer points of international courtesy which characterise great races run on the Continent.

The presence (or, I suppose I should say, "absence") of "welshers," the omission to play the German National Anthem after the race, and the lack of hospitality shown to the visiting drivers were some of the grievances aired.

Just how unjust such criticisms were is well exemplified by a letter which Craner, Donington's Clerk of the Course, has received from Herr Neubauer, racing manager of the Mercédès-Benz camp.

In the course of this letter, the German expert says:

"As regards your racing course and Castle Donington, I must tell you that all members of our Society have marvelled at a most beautiful situation of the course. We have learned to know a landscape which we greatly appreciate. Such a track lying uninterrupted in a park offers great advantages over circular courses in which use is often made of ordinary traffic roads. I should wish that the racing track in Donington were still better built, and should hold it especially for necessary that the track be in parts a little wider and more uniform in surface, i.e., without undulations, while, however, maintaining the rough covering, because it affords greater safety to the drivers in wet places.

"It would also be of advantage if the straight did not end at the deepest point of the present hairpin curve [Melbourne Corner], where it is not absolutely necessary that the racing track should be continued further in a straight line. Only, such a sharp turn as now appears in the racing course should not follow such a sharply sloping part of the track. A lengthening, with a light angle and a hairpin curve on the next hill would seem to me better to answer the purpose.

"I further wish to thank you most sincerely for all the trouble you have so kindly taken, and especially for the great kindness that has been shown us by the members of the Derby and District Motor Club, in connection with which I cannot omit to mention that all our drivers and members of our racing party were exceedingly satisfied with the accommodation at Castle Donington, and in Nottingham, where the drivers stayed.

"In closing this letter, I wish to express the hope that interest for the Donington Grand Prix will always become greater and we also look forward to taking part again, in 1938, in your splendid racing."

Pavement Light

(Continued from page 428)

so far. Seems to me you 've just been letting me run on.

Where was I last night? Let 's see; I was in my bedroom, doing my eyes a bit of good from ten-thirty, after "The Feathers" had closed, until this morning at six. Same programme night before last, too. Can I get about easily with my false foot? Well, of course I limp. Anybody would.

Never found it a real handicap? No, I can't say that I 'ave, not after all these years. Short of growing a new foot for you, time 'll cure anything.

'Ave I 'eard of a girl called Nance Benski? Oh, so that 's what you 're after, is it? Well, the answer is, of course I know her; I 've known her for years.

'Ave I seen her lately? No, not for a couple of months. Did I know she 'd got an 'usband living and that the 'usband was found murdered yesterday in an 'ouse in Battersea, two streets away from where I live? Well, of course. I read the papers this morning. Why, I took the 'ouse as one of my pictures for my morning show on the pavement.

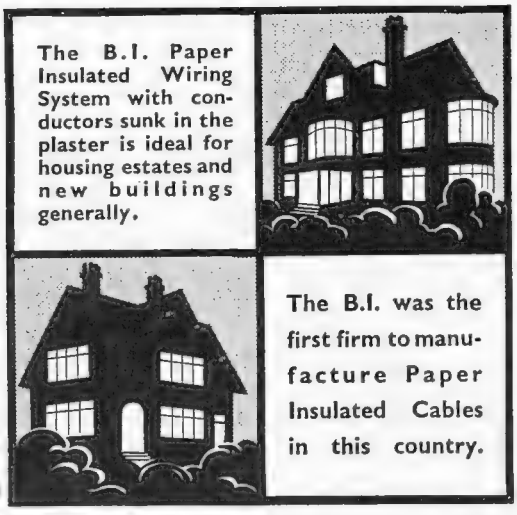
Can I draw from memory? 'Ere, Inspector, what are you getting at?

"YOU are charged with the murder of Isaac Benski," said the Inspector. "Anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence against you."

When the prisoner had been removed, the Inspector said to his colleagues:

"He drew from memory a bit too well. It was the back of the house where Benski was murdered that he drew on the pavement this morning—*the part he knew best and remembered.* The only news-photos that were published in to-day's papers were of the front."

THE END.



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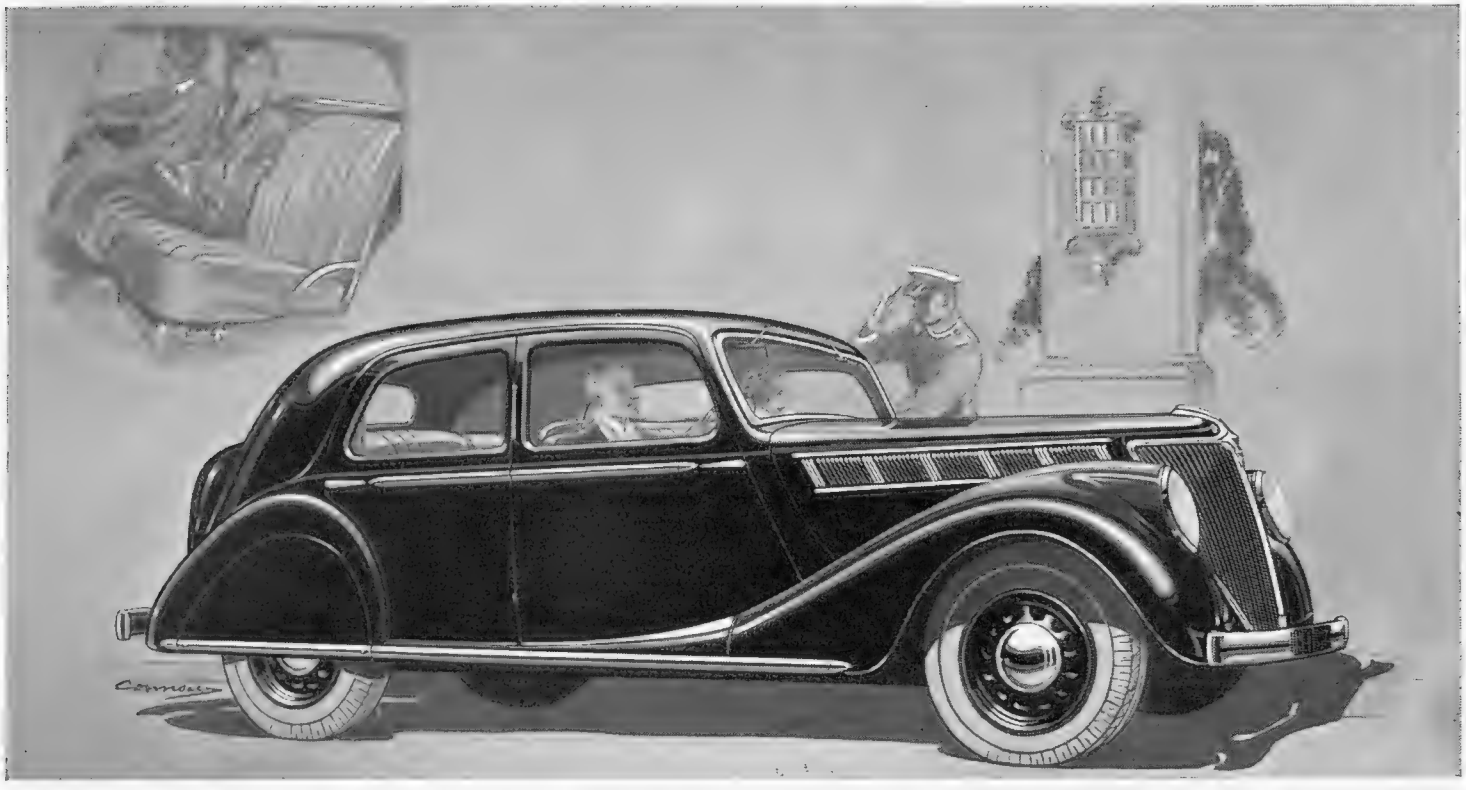

. . . in Everything except Price and Running-Costs . . . . . .

For the motorist who likes to savour the thrill of surging power . . . who likes to offer his passengers the gliding, silent comfort of a big saloon and the reassuring safety of powerful mechanical Servo brakes . . . who, nevertheless, believes that something between the three-and-four-hundred mark is a reasonable price to pay for his car . . . for such was the Renault 6-cylinder 6-seater created.

It is a 6-seater in *reality*—not merely in its designer's optimistic imagination. If six stout gentlemen ride in it they will ride at ease—without unwittingly picking each other's pockets when reaching for their matches!

And Renault gives this big, handsome, *distinguished* Saloon a big, sturdy engine—big and big-hearted. A car, in truth, that is BIG in everything except its initial cost and its upkeep expenses.

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26.8 6-cyl. Saloon (Tax £20 5s 0d) built-in luggage compartment with trunks, 4 wheel jacks, transverse rear springing, sunshine roof, etc. £320.

Eight-seater Limousine (with or without division) £420.

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CVS—187

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

November Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. K. Clegg	Chilwell Manor	80	13	67	73	6 below
Miss F. E. Stewart	Exmouth	85	18	67	71	4 "
Miss N. Jones	Trentham	85	12	73	76	3 "
Mrs. Anderton	Mere	90	18	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Wood	Trentham	79	5	74	76	2 "
Mrs. A. Campbell	Huyton	79	8	71	73	2 "
Miss G. Clixby	Thornock	80	10	70	72	2 "
Miss G. Lightfoot	Huyton	82	11	71	73	2 "
Mrs. J. Carlyle	Ringway	83	13	70	72	2 "
Miss A. Sharp	West Bowling	86	17	69	71	2 "
Mrs. J. Parkes	Trentham	79	4	75	76	1 "
Mrs. P. B. Sherwood	Wilpshire	79	5	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Brunyee	Belton Park	84	12	72	73	1 "
Miss Baynes	Shirley Park	85	13	72	73	1 "
Mrs. W. M. Whitfield	Prestbury and Upton	77	2	75	75	All Square

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. W. L. Dixon	Manchester	91	23	68	75	7 below
Mrs. Ratcliffe	Mullion	84	19	65	71	6 "
Mrs. Anderson	North Hants	103	36	67	73	6 "
Miss D. Glennie	Goodwood	89	21	68	73	5 "
Miss B. Hale	North Wales	103	35	68	73	5 "
Mrs. J. H. Milligan	Moseley	98	27	71	75	4 "
Miss E. M. Howes	Sandwell Park	108	29	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Anderton	Mere	91	19	72	75	3 "
Mrs. G. Hulme	Leigh	87	19	68	71	3 "

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Irene Boyle	Hampstead	91	22	69	72	3 below
Mrs. H. F. Dixon	North Worcestershire	100	32	68	71	3 "
Miss R. M. Middleton	West Middlesex	106	36	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Jones	Bloxwich	93	22	71	73	2 "
Mrs. W. Hunt	Ringway	95	25	70	72	2 "
Miss J. Hodgkinson	Bloxwich	101	29	72	73	1 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach he not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
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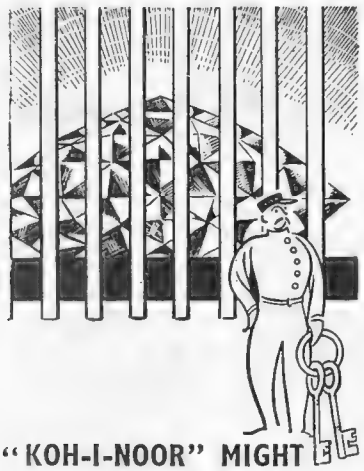
DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....



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A diamond of such quality,
I simply must forego.
They wouldn't mark it down in price
It cost too much, and so
For something less than half, I thought,
I'll get some Double Diamond Port.

Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state that when you want a Port, equal in quality to that most famous of all crown jewels, the 'Koh-i-Noor' you'll get it for 6/6 a bottle, but you must insist on

6/6

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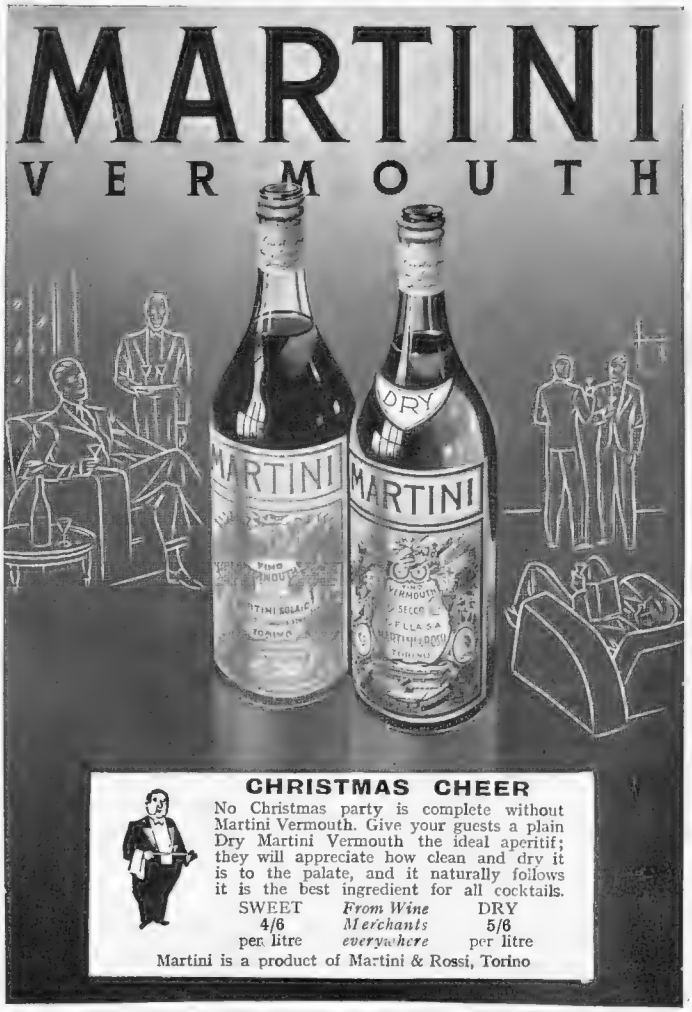
PORT

Morgan Bros., 14 Trinity Sq., London, E.C.3



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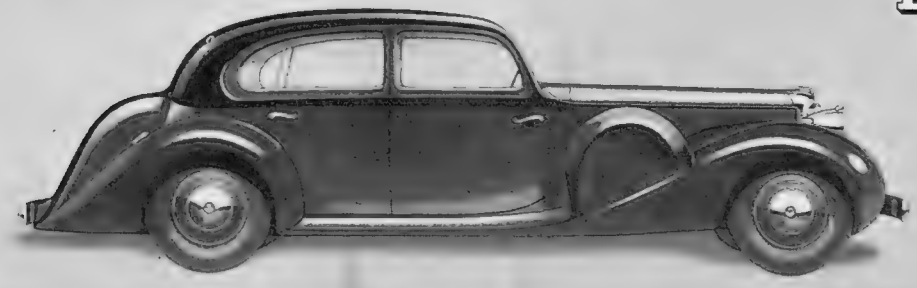

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Merges two and more hitherto opposing qualities in one and the same car – inter-axle travel and unrestricted comfort with all those exciting characteristics of verve and speed for which the name Lagonda is internationally recognised.

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Cooking becomes a joy when there is an Esse cooker in the home, and an ideal model for a household of six to eight people is the Esse "Minor." This is shown above, complete with water-heater, in a pleasant setting, and may be seen at the Esse Showrooms, 63, Conduit Street

Easier Entertaining

Cooking Without Tears

THE cry of every housewife to-day is peace in the kitchen. With the labour question growing daily more acute, it is essential to make life as easy as possible by introducing one of the new Esse heat-storage cookers, which give no trouble and cost practically nothing to run. The principle of heat storage is very old and dates back to the days when cooking meant baking stones red hot and placing them in the ground, so that when they were removed food could be put into a hot cavity, which was then sealed. In the case of the Esse cooker a large reservoir of heat is created from a small, slow-burning fire, to meet maximum demands at any time. This is accomplished by means of a large, solid cast metal heat accumulator. The illustration on this page shows the Esse "Minor" with water-heater, suitable for a household of about eight people. It is enamelled in cream porcelain, which is easily kept clean by means of a damp cloth, and is also obtainable in shades of grey, blue, or green. The top-plate is enamelled black, while the bright fittings are chromium-plated. It has two fires with one flue connection, and, besides cooking perfectly, provides an adequate hot-water supply for baths and other domestic requirements.

The Economics of Eating

THE advent of the Esse "Minor" cooker has proved a tremendous boon to people with small houses, as it is very economical to run and keeps the kitchen comfortably warm. It burns continuously day and night, consuming anthracite or some other solid, smokeless fuel in a fire chamber which only requires filling twice every twenty-four hours. Naturally, there is no smoke or soot and so flue-cleaning is reduced to a minimum. The temperature is controlled by a thermostat handle, while a simple push operates the shaking bottom grate to clear the fire of any ash. Even at the end of a day, however, this is practically non-existent. With regard to refuelling, a hopper is provided, while special Esse cooking utensils are obtainable. Experience has proved that it is more economical to have two separate fires, one devoted to cooking and the other to water-heating, provided the Esse heat-storage principle is applied. A feature of the newest Esse "Minor" cooker is a visible fire which heats the water and shines through mica doors. The initial outlay when buying an Esse is comparatively small, when you consider that the saving in fuel bills over one year almost covers the original cost, and special terms for deferred payment are available.

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YEAR 1937.	Mean. $\frac{M+m}{2}$	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER (Dec.-Feb.)	53.80	59.53	48.07	94.48	521.17	55.7
SUMMER (June-Aug.)	68.75	76.59	60.91	112.67	1118.36	61.6

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World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Veronica Calvocoressi

Is the elder daughter of Pandia Calvocoressi, of 23, Hyde Park Gardens, W.; she has announced her engagement to Constantine Griva-Gardikioti, younger son of Gen. and Mrs. Griva-Gardikioti, of Athens

Pearl Freeman

Loraine Sherston-Baker

Is the only daughter of Mr. John Sherston-Baker, of Bombay, and Mrs. Sherston-Baker, of 56, Curzon Street, W.1; she is to marry the Comte du Bouzet, elder son of the late Comte du Bouzet and Mrs. B. F. Berry, of 21, Avenue du Parc, St. James's, Neuilly

Bassano

Barbara Allott

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Brian Allott, of Linden House, Lymington, Hants., and is engaged to Aymar de Satge Clayton, the Middlesex Regt., son of the late Gerald Clayton and Mrs. Clayton-Eatherley, of Shapwick House, Bridgewater, Somerset

Tunbridge

Angela Manning

Is engaged to Robert Castle Riseley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Riseley, of Brackley, Weybridge; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Manning, of 1, Hans Crescent Mansions, S.W.1, and Glenoe, Bembridge, I.O.W.

Lenare

Ursula Scott

Has announced that her wedding will take place early next year to Arnold Read, son of Mr. and Mrs. Read, of Wakehurst, Englefield Green. She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. Somerville Scott, of Genesis Green, Wickhambrook, Newmarket

Kay Vaughan

End Haig-Thomas

Is the only daughter of Mr. Peter Haig-Thomas, of the Grange, Goring, Oxon., and the late Mrs. Haigh-Thomas; she is engaged to Hugh Veitch De Pree, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. J. De Pree, of Beech Hill, Haddington, Scotland

Lenare

Daphne Melicent Wathen

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wathen, of 2, Buckland Crescent, Hampstead, and is to marry David William Alexander Mure, of Caldwell, Ayrshire, younger son of the late William Mure, and Lady Georgiana Mure, of 19, Cliveden Place, S.W.1

Vandyk

Diana Streatfeild

Is the only child of Mrs. Sidney Richard Streatfeild, of Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire; she is engaged to Harry Charles Netterville Barron, elder son of Major A. H. D. Barron, M.C., of Beachfield House, Paignton, Devon

Lenare

Mary Garton

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Garton, of Great Oaks, Goring Heath, Oxon., and is engaged to David Mynors, youngest son of the late Rev. A. B. Mynors and Mrs. Mynors, of Villars Farm, Southam, Cheltenham

Lenare

Elizabeth Frances Hull

Is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Hubert Hull, of 39, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to Victor Wainright, 13th Frontier Force Rifles, only son of Major and Mrs. E. M. Wainright

Lenare

Dorothy Hilda Clive

Is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Harry Clive, of Willoughbridge, Market Drayton, Salop, and has announced her engagement to James Erskine Chapman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Chapman, of Banstead Place, Banstead, Surrey

Lenare

Rachel Mary Sykes

Is Brig.-Gen. Sir Percy and Lady Sykes' elder daughter, and is engaged to D'Arcy Patrick Reilly, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Mr. Justice H. D. C. Reilly and Mrs. Reilly. Sir Percy and Lady Sykes live at 18, Eastbury Court, W.14

Ritchie — Minnes

Brevet Lt.-Col. Neil Ritchie, Black Watch, son of the late Dugald Ritchie, and Mrs. Ritchie, of 16a, Elvaston Place, S.W., and Catherine Taylor Minnes, daughter of the late J. A. Minnes and Mrs. Minnes, of Kingston, Ontario, Canada, were married at St. Columba's, Pont St.

Welch — Rayner

A Cheshire wedding took place this month at Bowden Parish Church between Tom Welch, son of T. Welch, of the Grange, Timperley, Cheshire, and Elizabeth Rayner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rayner, of Larkhill, Bowden, Cheshire

Cox — Allison

John H. F. Cox, Royal Scots, son of Major and Mrs. A. F. J. Cox, of Woodland, Perth, and Elizabeth Allison, daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. H. Allison, of Sunningdale, Berks., were married at All Angels', Sunninghill

Cox — Talbot

Richard Nassau Cox is the son of Mrs. Richard Cox, of Lisnavilly, Dundalk, Ireland; Lois Talbot is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Talbot, of Skreen Court, Tara, Co. Meath. They were married at St. Ann's, Dublin

Ritchie — Murray

Charles W. M. Ritchie, Royal Scots, and Iris Elizabeth Evelyn Murray, daughter of the late Commander and Mrs. Murray, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Mr. Ritchie is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. MacIver Ritchie, of Ardlarach, Ross-shire

Groves — Blake

Jocelyn Douglas Groves, R.E., and Nancy Blake were married at St. Mary's, Alverstoke. His parents are Capt. and Mrs. Douglas Groves, of Westholme, Vancouver Island, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Blake, of Monckton House, Alverstoke, Hampshire

Worsley — Gilmour

Fl. Lt. Geoffrey Tindal-Carill-Worsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tindal-Carill-Worsley, of East Carleton Manor, Norwich, and Berys Elizabeth Gilmour, daughter of Kenneth Gilmour, of Montreal, and Mrs. Charles Neel, of Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Cochrane — Robins

Lieut. John Cochrane, R.N., son of the late T. B. Cochrane, and Mrs. Cochrane, of Coolrath, Talbot Avenue, Bournemouth, and Jocelyn Mary Robins, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. F. Robins, of 11a, Queen's Gate Gdns., S.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Reid — Luttrell

Lt.-Com. H. S. Reid, son of the late Sir Arthur Reid and Lady Reid, of 46, Tedworth Square, S.W., and Louisa Luttrell, daughter of the late Hugh Luttrell, and Mrs. Luttrell, of Bussage, Glos., were married at Chelsea Old Church

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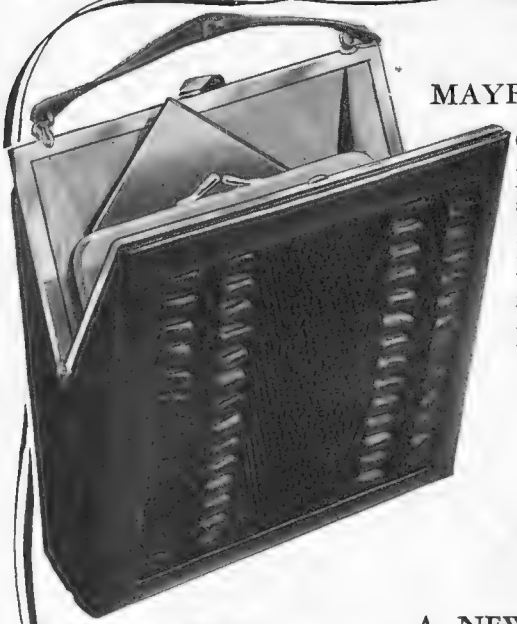

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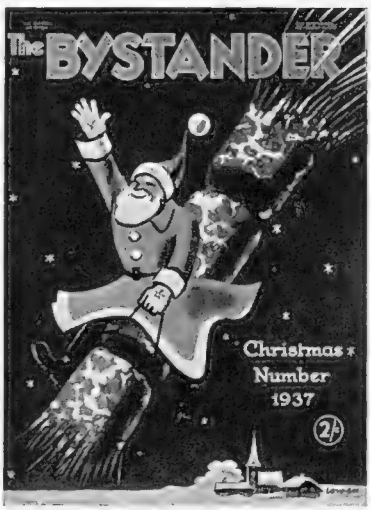

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 15—December 21

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S A WISE CHILD.—Joan Marion leads the cast at a rapid pace through this rattling and mildly risqué farce: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced. Motley decorated: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30, to Dec. 18th.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7.

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third concurrent play is not as good as the others but holds interest in a group of people in a burnt-out liner: Apollo, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn, is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening: Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

OH! YOU LETTY.—A musical comedy that 's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 99.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Meggie Eaton *Roye*

At the Windmill where "Revudeville" goes its non-stop way, Meggie Eaton is the soubrette

IT 'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out and-out farce: Strand. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30

Christmas Fare

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15, from Thurs., 16th.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: Playhouse, 2.30, from Tues., 21st.

First Nights

ROOM SERVICE.—An American farce with an all American cast: Strand, to-night.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves in a musical comedy: Victoria Palace, Thurs., 16th.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS BACK.—Henry Edwards as Drummond: Savoy, Tues., 21st.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture; Yvonne Arnaud, Frances Day, Nelson Keys: Piccadilly, Tues., 21st.

CINEMAS

THE BARRIER (American).—Gold-mining, kidnapping, tough crowds at play in a film of the Alaskan frontier. Coming Dec. 17th: *True Confession*, with Carole Lombard and Fred McMurray. Plaza.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film: a bitter-sweet story, François Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

DEAD END (American).—Slum-dwellers and socialites make contact in this interesting film, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart: Gaumont.

DR. SYN (British).—George Arliss as the smuggling parson is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music and a good story, Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY (American).—Joe Penner stars, with Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard: Regal.

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR (British).—Erich von Stroheim as a sinister spy chief, Dita Parlo as one of his charming employees, in a Salonika war story with plenty of movement: London Pavilion.

MARIE WALEWSKA (American).—The new Garbo film is coming, with Garbo as Marie Walewska and Charles Boyer as Napoleon: Empire, from Fri., 17th.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film. Berkeley.

THE SINGING MARINE (American).—Dick Powell stars and sings. Also *Super Sleuth*, with Jack Oakie and Ann Sothern: New Gallery.

STAND IN (American).—Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell Humphrey Bogart in a satire on Hollywood high finance: Tivoli.

UNDERWORLD (French).—Jean (*Pépé le Moko*) Gabin plays the lead with Suzy Prim opposite; Renoir directed this prize film from Maxim Gorki: Curzon.

THE VOGUES OF 1938 (American).—Walter Wanger's technicolour is a specialised appeal; Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter head the cast: Odeon.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it: Academy.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 15th, 8.

THE VALKYRIE.—Thurs., 16th, 7.15.

FAUST, with ballet.—Friday, 17th, 8.

AÏDA.—Sat., 18th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

GISELLE, THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.—Sat., 18th, 2.30.

LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Tues., 21st, 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN:

LES BALLETS POLONAIS.—Slavska, Yusskievitch, Glinka, Konarski, Kilinski and company in five new ballets by Nijinska: from Thurs., 16th.

MUSIC

L.S.O.—Dyson conducts his Symphony (1st performance); Leonard Walker conducts Bach's 5th Brandenburg concerto, Brahms's B flat piano concerto (Solomon), Strauss's Death and Transfiguration: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 16th.

ÆOLUS CONCERT.—Maggie Teyte and the Hart House String Quartet: Grotrian Hall, Fri., 17th, 8.45.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Carols, conducted by Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, Sat., 18th, 2.30.

L.P.O.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Handel's "Messiah": Covent Garden, Sun., 19th, 3.15.

BACH CHOIR.—Carols, conducted by Reginald Jacques Central Hall, Westminster, Mon., 20th, 8.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

THE L.C.C., or whatever the authority is, has been dishing out special licences galore to help you enjoy Christmas and the New Year in London with your glasses full and on the table to all hours. Listed here are some of the places at which you can spend your money and wear your false noses. I 'm writing this a little before the gala spirit hits the West End. Which is perhaps as well. Otherwise I might try to do it in pantomime couplets, and that would be extremely boring.

A word to the wise. Choose your place of festivity quickly, and then go along as soon as possible and see the boss about your table. Otherwise you 'll find yourself all dressed up and no place to go. And I know no occasions to touch Christmas and New Year's Night for hilarity to be on a razor's edge. A setback in your plans, the death of the aunt who was going to pay for it all, even a broken shoelace when all shops are closed can torpedo the festive spirit and put you, in an instant, at daggers drawn with the world.

Cafe de Paris

I SUPPOSE the headline of the season is Josephine Baker, who is at the Café de Paris now and goes on for four weeks, into the middle of January. I don't know what she is going to do, nor what songs she is going to sing. I haven't seen her in London (and I shall not miss seeing her now). But when I saw her for the first time in Paris recently, the academic prejudice of years crumpled, and I enjoyed every moment that she was on the stage.

The Censor won't permit her, presumably, to appear at the Café de Paris in her Folies Bergère acts and scanties, nor would the Editor permit our artist to limn her here as Doumergue has done, twice life-size, twice, in the Folies foyer. But go and see her, and hear her, and you 'll hope that the Press is wrong when it says she is to retire into obscure wifehood at the end of this trip.

Usual prices for Christmas Eve. Closed on Christmas Day. Boxing Day Gala, 25/-. New Year's Eve Grand Gala, 50/-, with pipers at midnight. Ambrose and his orchestra, with Evelyn Dall crooning.

La Belle Josephine, at the Café de Paris

The Dorchester

UNCLES and aunts and godfathers, fagged to the wide with lugging their small charges around to pantomimes and toy fairs, should, if they have any money left, refresh themselves, selfishly at last, at the Dorchester. Their *Laughter and Rhythm* is just such a show as will put loved ones far away from your minds. Put them to bed, book your table and put away childish things.

There is nothing childish about Russell Swann's sophistications, nor June Taylor's winks. And I doubt if even the Wiere Brothers would raise a smile from a seven-year-old. And if the Merriel Abbott Girls are up your young nephew's street, you 'd better take him away till he comes of age.

"Good Night," at the Dorchester

It 's a long, clever, and glorious show, this. I recommend "The Dorchester is so smart" as a good working slogan for their place. It is.

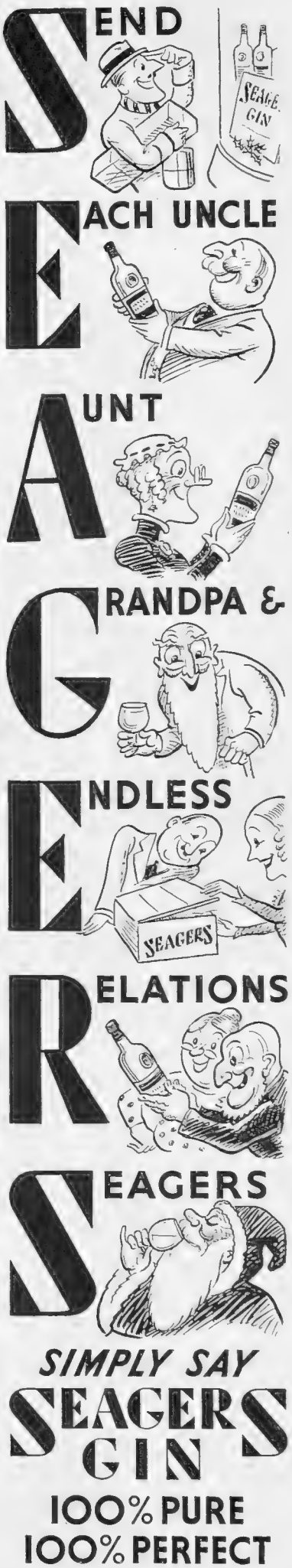
Christmas Day, 35/-. Boxing Day, 25/-. New Year's Eve, 63/-. And monster surprises all round.

Grosvenor House

"PARK AVENUE to Park Lane," commenced (anglice "began") here last week, and is no come-down on the standard of Grosvenor House floor shows. There 's no Park Lane in the cast, which is all American with the single exception of maestro Billy Bennett. And nobody would call him Park Lane—least of all himself. He 's a joy, Billy Bennett, dress suit and all, and those West-Enders who have ordinarily to seat themselves, rather nervously, in 3/6 stalls out Wapping way to hear their favourite loony, will now be able to revel in him on their home ground at a guinea a time.

The Georgie Hale Glamour Girls, as before, plus six of their kind from New York, if possible even more glamorous, dance and pose and make you feel young again. Burton

Vintage or non-vintage, only the finest cuvées of this excellent Champagne are shipped to this country.



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Almost a Gentleman, at Grosvenor House

Pierce tap-dances to your "oohs" and "ahs," and Ames and Arno knock everything about, including themselves.

Over Christmas all this goes into the Great Room, to allow two thousand or so of you to see. Christmas and Boxing Day, 25/-. New Year's Eve, 52/6. Favours and surprises and—well, *you* know.

The Ritz

THE reason that restaurateurs see nothing of each other is that Saturdays are their days off, and each goes to the other's place to see how he is getting on. Thereby missing each other, as usual. Perhaps as well, or there might be pan-Latin scraps in our quiet dinner haunts, or we should know at last what happens when Greek meets Greek.

I bring this homily in under the name of the Ritz, because possibly the smartest restaurant owner of my acquaintance, as an expert on Saturday lunching, recommends the Ritz as easily the most fashionable for that somewhat lugubrious London noon. Which is praise indeed.

And I myself have long held the Ritz very high as a supper-dance venue, when you want quiet in a well-filled room—well filled with extremely nice-looking people.

The Ritz band won't let Vic Oliver sing

But you needn't be afraid the cabaret will be an unpronounceable violinist or anything heavy like that. Some of the hottest numbers of my night-life have been sung to me at the Ritz, and Vic Oliver will be there for Christmas, up to his tricks.

The Piccadilly

BEFORE we get to the — apparently vital — consideration of Christmas again, may I say an official welcome to Louis, who has stepped into the managerial shoes in the Piccadilly Grill Room after twenty years of friendly work there. He must be as well-known a manager as any in London now. Better, because the Grill Room draws its clientèle from far and wide. Its prices are good, its service ditto, and its atmosphere thoroughly amicable. May it never change, even under the great Louis. I can't say fairer than that.

In Grill Room or Restaurant, go and see Wes Adams and Lisa before they depart. Exquisite dancing, and their mask act is a dream of rhythm. Giovanni will be picking pockets at Christmas and the New Year. Who was the ex-Cabinet Minister whose braces he removed from a standing start at a Grand National house-party? And did that constitute a world crisis? He will pilfer in the anomalous surroundings of an old-fashioned farmyard in the Grill, a vineyard in the restaurant.

Gala dinners and lots of fun at Christmas. 35/- and 45/- dittos at the New Year. It 's certain to be as cheery a party as anywhere in London. Book that table *now*.

Louis of the Piccadilly Grill

The Trianon

THROATY masculine cheers! At last a restaurant that says it plans to give presents to the men as well as the ladies on New Year's Eve. But don't imagine that it is for that reason only, ladies, that your escorts will suggest the Trianon. They probably know its offerings of old, and know that a festivity there is a festivity in its right place.

The restaurant is closed on Christmas Day and the Sunday. Boxing Day dinner is a guinea. New Year's Eve, 45/-, with cabaret of Charles Vaida and Simone and Serenze. Two bands, Neville Bishop's and Ord Hamilton's. Big stuff.

Apart from all this, though, you 'd better go along, on the quiet or noisy, and taste this new liqueur of theirs, St. Bernhard. Apparently it has, till now, been a private tipple of the monks of the Hospice, and is something far too precious to put round the necks of the dogs. But the secret 's out, and the Trianon is the first place in England to let you into it. Let 's hope it has no Garden of Allah effects!

Two up to the Trianon.

Mountain cocktail at the Trianon

Kempinski's

YES, there will be dancing at Kempinski's on Boxing Day and the New Year. Does that seem wrong in that haunt of fine-eating-without-fripperies? Mr. K. says he 's got the band in case the party spirit goes to our feet those nights. On his old principle of always being able to provide exactly what his friends want.

To test the Kempinski dogma that you can get the best of the specialities of every country under his roof, I asked for a bécasse fumée last time, because it wasn't on the menu, and I thought I might stump them. It was being prepared before me in five minutes' time, and it was about the most delicious game I 've eaten this year. As with the venison last time, this woodcock had been hung right to within the last possible hour, and the Bavarian special wine that they recommended in lieu of the burgundy which I was going to order, was a great find.

Licence extension on the 24th, 27th and 31st, till 2 a.m. Recommended.

Dishes from every country at Kempinski's

The Blue Room

WHEN I was last at the Blue Room, dining sumptuously, as one does there, I asked Captain Vivien, alias the Marquis, what brou-ha-ha he was planning for the turn of the year. Either I had dined too sumptuously and he was pulling my leg, or he was just pulling my leg, or it is true, but he said a good deal about a bear coming in to say " How d'you do? " to the guests, and he showed me a photograph of a similar grateful incursion one New Year's night way back in the Kasbek days.

Well, take it or leave it. Certainly they will be welcoming you and the season in no uncertain fashion there, and Imperial Russia is coming more and more on to the menu and into the decorations. (Though of the latter I can't help liking best that panel at the top of the stairs that is thoroughly Occidental, decadent, and da-da Piccadilly.) Fiorenti and his Gauchos, cocktails in the

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GALA DINNER 12/6

NEW YEAR'S EVE
GALA DINNER 25/-

★ DANCING CABARET

BOXING DAY—
EACH LADY will be
PRESENTED with a
SOUVENIR

★ Visit the BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BAR

Under personal Management of:
Captain V. Vivien, M.C.
(Marquis de Chateaubrun)

EXTENSION BOXING DAY
and every THURSDAY 2 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAY EVENINGS

The New QUEENS

Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. LUNCHEON 3/6.

LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")

Quinto's Restaurant
(*from Monte Carlo*)

REGENT 4707 — A perfect Cuisine and Choicest Wines. Under the personal direction of "Victor."

ARLINGTON HOUSE, ARLINGTON STREET, S.W.1.

ON PRENDRA — A BOON!

Prunier's popular 'On Prendra' Service solves the problem of Picnics, Surprise Parties, Unexpected Guests or a sudden return to town. Pop into Prunier's, choose the dish you desire, take it away properly packed in convenient cartons, and delectably dine at home.

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

Telephone : REGENT 1373/4/5

Masonic Room, dancing, smart company and, again, lovely food.

Festivities aside, most of its clientèle gathers for late dining and dancing. Myself, I recommend it for cool lunching and quiet theatre dinners also. And you can get your schlashliks, spelt as you wish, cooked perfectly and delivered on swords.

Russian New Year atmosphere at the Blue Room

Prunier's

AND now you 'll be ready to hear of a place where festivity is not handed to you on a plate as a necessity. Prunier's is closed on Christmas Day, but opens at 7 on Sunday, the 26th. On Boxing Day, Monday, 27th, for lunch at 12.30, and dinner at 7 p.m. None of the prices are changed. What a blessing Prunier's is!

But don't forget it for those Christmas presents of dainties and bonnes choses and wines such as only Prunier's does in that style. Mme. Prunier can have sent to your country house or to any address in the provinces any delicacy (that is sendable) from her booklet, *On Prendra*. Ask for one, and, if you live in town, go and fetch just what you want. Any quantities of oysters are presents friends give and take gleefully, and in this context I 'd like to remind my godmother that I 'm still alive, and will gladly pick up a barrel if she 'phones the order through. Foie gras, en croûte or au porto, and caviare—the whole "On Prendra" gamut, in fact. And

Christmas in the country—thanks to Prunier's

when you send in your order, ask for yourself for a set of her new menus, with beautiful paintings by Mathurin Meheut on the covers, and deep columns of mouth-watering delicacies inside.

Wines, too, of course. The Prunier wines are justly famous, and you presumably know you can buy them "off the premises" for 15 per cent. less than the carte des vins price. Or didn't you know that? For Christmas, there is a whole selection at very "special offer" prices.

The Coq d'Or

I CAME in alone and, fortuitously, the only table vacant was next to a large friend of mine, also alone and choosing largely from the large trolleys of legumes to go with his large plate of delicious-looking veau. While I had a salad and a modest savoury, not being that hungry, my friend tucked into a large sweet and then got busy with a large slice of Brie. At the end he said what he liked about the Coq d'Or was that its helpings were so large and its bills weren't. From which I gathered, on seeing him pay, that the weather had been fine in the City, and he felt rich.

But by and large (sorry!) he spoke the truth. And it was only because he wasn't feeling very well, he said, that he wasn't drinking from the large cellar. You ought to get Sartori talking about his wines. He 's just come back from buying one of the best cuvées with the Hôtel de l'Hermitage du Touquet at the auction of the Hospices de Beaune. And he has his first table booked already for their maturity.

Here come the great connoisseurs, on dégustation bent, and the "amateurs" of food. And here, over Christmas, M. Bertaux will be seen presiding over a special turkey, large, for your special delight. It's a great place, the Coq d'Or.

Bertaux looks after Christmas fare at the Coq d'Or

L'Ecu de France

M. SENDER himself, the Parisian power behind London's Ecu de France, told me the good news for 1938. They have bought the place next door, and will, in January, be opening La France Gourmande. It will be a shop primarily—a shop where you can buy all the delicacies of all the regions of Gaul. The foie gras that you have enjoyed in the restaurant for lunch can be at your own table for dinner. You will find here, too, the special wines of the country, to be ordered and delivered for your home drinking. The big things and the little things—everything that is food and wine and France—will be here with the compliments of the Ecu.

Nor is that all. Downstairs from there, in February, will be another restaurant, a little less high-flying than its elder brother, where food will be swift and sure. And at its entrance will be a "wine-cave" for tasting wines before ordering.

Order what you've eaten at L'Ecu de France

Nor is that all, either. By now M. Doumeng, the great M. Doumeng, will be lording it in the kitchens of the restaurant you know. He was the personal chef of the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, who was a great gourmet when he had the money. Which was for about sixty years. In the last seventeen of these M. Doumeng was never found wanting. Now he is at your command.

The New Clarges

HERE there will be no real stir, and jollification will come from the heart and not the pocket. I should think Binaco would blush to the depths of his collar if anyone suggested he should assume a cap and bells. Those staying in the hotel will doubtless find Christmas pudding and some discreet mistletoe when and where they want it. Evening visitors will find peace from the world as ever here.

By the way, talking of food, as I practically wasn't, I took what is tantamount to the most critical guest in the world to dinner here the other night—viz., an elder brother, and a darned hungry one at that. His comment was "Pretty good," praise which from him is superlative. Thank you, Mr. Binaco, it was good indeed.

The enticing New Clarges cocktail lorry

Oh, yes, there is something you should go and inspect specially. That 's the new carpetings and decorations from Half Moon to Clarges Streets. Also, if you 're at a lucky hour, the cocktail trolley and ambulant drinking it supplies. They 're proud of it there.

The Austria Restaurant

THOSE Austriophiles of you who are not seeing the New Year in on the spot, will find something of the same atmosphere within a liberal stone's-throw of Piccadilly Circus. At the Austria Restaurant, in return for your 35/-, you will be one of a happy crowd for whose benefit the best of the festive customs of here and there will be combined into one whacking entente, with cabaret, presents for the ladies, fun and frolic for all.

Remember, too, that Piccadilly Circus is a sight to be seen for the next half-hour after the old year is dead, and from the Austria you 'll get the best view of the gallivantings of the vulgar, profane, and many-headed. You know the cocktail lounge off the Salzburg Grill there? Then you should. Through its windows you get a grand panorama of the hub of the Empire. A good place to be on New Year's Night.

M. Bruno has lately arrived to take charge of the restaurant

"THE BEST OF A LONG RUN OF BIG SUCCESSES"—EVENING NEWS

The Dorchester

presents a 2nd EDITION of

"LAUGHTER ★ ★ ★ ★ AND RHYTHM"

WITH

RUSSELL SWANN

"THE BEST CONJUROR-CUM-COMPÈRE I HAVE EVER SEEN"—SUN. DISPATCH

THE WIERE BROTHERS

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JUNE TAYLOR

"JUNE TAYLOR'S DANCING IS A DELIGHT"—NEWS-CHRONICLE

and the

MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS (FROM CHICAGO!)

"CHARM AND GLAMOUR"—MORNING POST. "RHYTHM WITH LOVELINESS"—EVENING NEWS

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

There will be entirely different shows during Dinner & Supper

PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

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SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR

Telephone: Gros: 1150

DIRECTION V. DAVICO

Celebrating?...

Make it a Christmas to remember, of easy laughter and joyous fun. Special terms inclusive of 4-days stay at the WINSTON *London's Latest Luxury Hotel*, with Christmas Dinner and Boxing Night Gala Festivities in the Austria Restaurant. Favours, Novelties, Dancing and Special Cabarets.

Full particulars gladly sent on application to the Manager, 'Phone: WHI. 7361.

Austria

RESTAURANT & SALZBURG GRILL

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

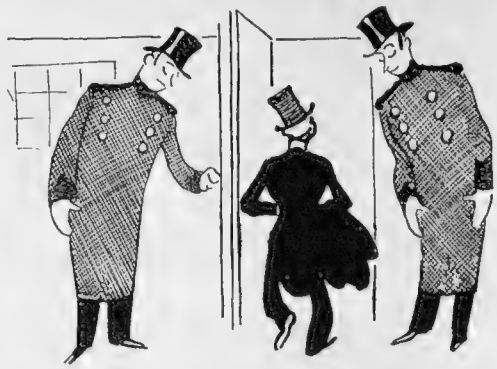
In Austria at "the Hub of the World"

and grill. He sees London with a freshly penetrating eye, having returned hither from a few years in the provinces, at Manchester, Edinburgh, and Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Harold Sandler will play for you. Dress for the revels, and remember the Austria afterwards as the pleasant rendezvous that it is.

Hatchett's

PICKWICK always was a patron of Hatchett's, whatever of modernity may have come to this excellent restaurant to-day. And now, hot from the George and Vulture, viâ the Falstaff nearer West, they have put the real Pickwick pudding on the luncheon menus at Hatchett's on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The real Pickwick pudding? What's that? you ask, remembering that the Club was always feeding and generally drinking. Well, this pudding is authentic, from a recipe old and secret as such recipes must be. And you should certainly make a date with Boscasso to taste his fare. You will want little to follow it, such is its size and excellence.

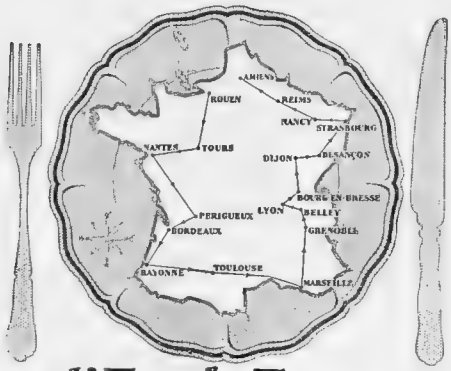


Swagger entrance at Hatchett's

You 'll have seen and approved by now the plush warriors at the doorway in Piccadilly, apple-green suited, top-hatted and cockaded. They are called linkmen, and anyway they must be the warmest and best-equipped doormen in London.

Can anyone tell me why Hatchett's attracts such regular and refreshing beauty to its tables?

Le Tour de France



à l'Ecu de France

In response to insistent demand, the *tour* goes on every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evening. We shall serve a Tour de France dinner, with wines, coffee and liqueur, at an inclusive price. No lover of good food can afford to miss these regional dishes, so perfectly cooked that they might have come direct from the kitchen of a French provincial family. It is advisable to book your table in advance.

Â L'ECU DE FRANCE
111, JERMYN ST., S.W.1
Close to Piccadilly Circus
Whitehall 2837.

Bon Viveur

CHANGE always, decay sometimes, among the smart places all around, I see. The Bon Viveur is that which changeth not, neither grows old. It seems to get smaller each time I go, and the coffee cups seem to get larger. Each impression is an hallucination, the wish being father to the thought; the intimacy of the room making it cosy, and my passion for coffee finding expression and sublimation in their whacking measures.

A Bon Viveur smoking study

Davico was planning to make Christmas and the New Year a quiet, friendly couple of occasions. Members—for this is a club—will know that the gala spirit will be toned exactly to their tastes, as it is at the Athenæum for a different type of membership. Nice young men in dark suits still smoke cigars at the Bon Viveur. Older men, equally nice, still croon over its wines. And all are agreed that Davico's new idea in wine-list covers is excellently in keeping with the select steadiness of the list within. And the food? Superb.

KEMPINSKI'S

Celebrate this Christmas and bring in the New Year in the gay delightful atmosphere of this famous restaurant where cosmopolitans from all over the world come to be happy and to meet their friends. For special Christmas and New Year programmes please write to the Manager who will gladly send one on request.

99/101, Regent St., W.1. (Swallow St.) - - Regent 1686/7.

The New Queen's

AND newer than ever now. You remember that rather tough and masculine bar on street level east of the Empire? Well, that 's been changed now, and it 's become "The Cresta," a smart young cocktail and sherry bar, something reminiscent of the Palace Bar at St. Moritz, with casks of the right stuff and little tables for snacks across the room. A good place to meet your friends before lunching or dining below in the Bierkeller.

The Bierkeller itself is doing a roaring evening trade. Cheerful and welcoming. The violinist and accordionist wander around between the tables, playing to all the pretty girls, of which there are always legion. They do the same at lunch-time, when the crush is less, and the 3/6 "straight through" is a good buy.

New and Old at the New Queen's

New Year's Eve, 35/-, and you must dress for the stupendous dinner, with cabaret and gifts for ladies. The list will be closed as soon as it 's comfortably full. No crowding, and a good time for all.

Nature's Aid to Health
MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
Natural Mineral Water
Bottled at the springs near Carlsbad
From all hotels, restaurants and wine merchants, or from the importers,
Timothy Temple Ltd., 15 King St., St. James', S.W.1

The Real
MUNICH LÖWENBRÄU
exactly as served in the famous
LÖWENBRÄUKELLER at MUNICH
Supplied freshly bottled or on draught for Dance-Suppers, Breakfasts, etc.
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Drambuie
THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie first brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then a well-known and precious drink, valued for its rarity and excellence. To-day, Drambuie is pre-eminent the world over on the table of the connoisseur Obtainable in all first-class establishments. 18/6 per bottle.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL.

Quinto's

M. VICTOR is all excited about his new decorations. And rightly. Have you seen them? I haven't seen them in situ as I write, but I did go upstairs and have a look at them while Henri Mahe, the artist, put his finishing touches to them. See Victor himself in the corner! And isn't that a blonde he has on his arm? No, it can't be. But look further, and you 'll see that Mahe has had respect for none of the British decencies at all. These are fun!

So, as ever, is his restaurant, if you can call such swagger eating fun. I do. Lunch, theatre dinner, late dinner, perfection.

What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself — Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

BOTH BRANDS ARE SUPPLIED CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN

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NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
IN CARD BOXES
25 FOR 1/3 50 FOR 2/5
100 FOR 4/8
IN DECORATED TINS
50 FOR 2/6 100 FOR 4/10
150 FOR 7/3
100 IN 5-20 PACKETS 4/9½
"Mild"
50 CARD BOX PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 2/5
ALL ABOVE IN XMAS POSTAL CARTONS
MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
2 OZ. TIN 2/2 4 OZ. TIN 4/4

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Christmas & New Year Celebrations

INCLUDING AN

entirely New Cabaret

GEORGE HALE BRINGS

"Park Avenue to Park Lane"

WITH

AMES & ARNO
Comedy Ballroom Dancers

BURTON PIERCE
Interpretations in Tempo

BILLY BENNETT
Almost a Gentleman

and the

GEORGE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS

—/—

CHRISTMAS NIGHT
Gala Dinner - 25/-
Gifts for Ladies
Cabaret, Dancing

BOXING NIGHT
Gala Dinner - 25/-
Gifts for Ladies
Cabaret, Dancing

NEW YEAR'S EVE
Dinner Cabaret and Celebrations - 52/6
Gifts for Ladies. Revelry at Midnight, with London's gayest greeting to 1938.

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE DANCE BAND DIRECTED BY SYDNEY LIPTON

GROSVENOR HOUSE

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LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below :

FREEZOMINT
(The leading brand of CRÈME de MENTHE)

APRICOT BRANDY
CRÈME DE CACAO

409

DINNER or SUPPER and DANCING EVERY NIGHT TO

AMBROSE
and his Band
with EVELYN DALL
at the "Mike"

•

CABARET by
JOSEPHINE BAKER
of
Folies Bergère fame

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Direction : M. Poulsen & F. Stocco

Manager : Charles
(Late May Fair Hotel).
GERRARD 2462.

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GARDENIA

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The perfume of incomparable fragrance

Perfume
from 40/- to 3/-

Beauty Soap
2/6 per box of 3 tablets

also various other bath and toilet preparations in the same exquisite perfume

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BRONNLEY 1·2·3 BATH SOAP

made with Turtle oil

"A beauty treatment in a tablet of Soap"

Wrapped and coloured in pastel shades to match your Bathroom

In GARDENIA, LAVENDER, SANTAL, HONEYSUCKLE, ENGLISH FERN, VERBENA

BATH SIZE in boxes of 6, 1/- tablet
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Squire
Who cares if it snows?
Christmas Cheer
Dewar's
"White Label"
Superior Whisky that Never Varies
Cheers for Dewar's
"White Label"!
The Case that alters the Circumstances